A

GARDEN of Delight,

Deck'd with

Choice Flowers,

OF

ENGLISH POETRY;

OR,

A Collection of *Humours, Fancies, Epigrams,* and *Satyrs,* &c.

Semel in Anno videt Apollo.

Mirth pleaseth some, to others 'tis offence:
Some plain conceits commend, some eloquence:
Some to hear follies told delight, some that
Dislike; and most affect they know not what:
Then he that would please all and himself too,
Takes more in hand than he is like to do.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. M.* for *Stephen Lewis* and *Thomas Lewis*, and are to be sold at their Shop in *Shoe-lane*, at the signe of the *Book binders*, 1658.

THE STATIONER. TO THE READER.

KInde Courteous Reader,
whom ſo ere thou art ;
To whom theſe Fancies *do*
themſelves impart ;
Diſpraiſe them not ere thou
have read them o're ;

And then thou'lt praiſe what
ere thou didſt before:
And needs muſt ſay (give but
thy judgment right,)
Verſes more pleaſant never
ſaw the light.
For if you do peruſe the Book
you'le finde,
Various humours to content
your minde:
The Humour of the idle
drunken ſot,
That of the Hector, *wh' in*
bravadoes hot

Doth

Doth ſwagger ore a Gull,
the rampant Whore,
The Pander, Pimp, the
Baud, and diverſe more:
With Satyrs, Epigrams, *lines*
of Wit *and* Mirth:
Which from the ſtrength of
fancy had their birth:
Here are no Libels on the
preſent Powers,
But harmleſſe Mirth
abounds at leaſure houres
Dull minds to recreate; this
was the end,

For

For which and for no other
these were penn'd;
Yet if on any of them thou
look severe,
And say, they may offend a
tender ear,
Apologie is needless; Critick
know,
A Wiseman alwayes to con-
demn is slow.

S. Lewis.

On the Book.

WHat ſhall I ſay? My Muſe can't reach
Nor ſoar up to ſo a high a Pitch,
As write a Verſe may praiſe thoſe Lines,
Whoſe worth each where doth
clearly ſhine;
And goes beyond the beſt of Wit,
That my weak Fancy, ere could hit.
Wherefore for fear I ſhould diſgrace
The Book, by making its Preface:
I'le leav't to others, onely this Ile ſay,
None ere for ſo much wit had leſſe to pay.

Jo. Rawlin.

On the Book.

CHoice Wit and Mirth compoſed
and found,
Both in one Book and both of them profound,
Is more I think than commonly we ſee,
In thoſe which are call'd Books of Poetrie;
Yet in this Book, they both together meet,
Twining together, fill each Page and Sheet,
With various Humours and delightfull verſe,
As good as ever yet did take impreſſe
From hand of Printer, or by Poet writ,
Which had the ſharpeſt and moſt peircing wit.

Peter Jones.

On the Book.

IF Humours in a various dreſſe,
Of fancy clad may pleaſe:
What's here committed to the preſſe,
Will not prove a diſeaſe,
To ſuch as in the reading o're
Of what this Book contains,
Do ſpend their time, for here is more
Than may reward their pains.
If pleaſure they or profit ſeek;
They need not loſe their aime;
For this of both partake alike,
Wherefore the Author blame
At leaſt be ſure deſerveth not:
If praiſe be not his merit.

For

For making thoſe who were forgot,
Revived to inherit.
The due of their deſerved fame,
And from Lethean ſtreams,
To reſcue their nigh drowned names,
Which were forgot as dreams.
But in their laſting Poems here,
Collected they revive:
And by our Author made to ſpeak,
They ſeem again alive.

Jonathan Short.

A Catch in praiſe of the Book.

FRiend, if thy mind with mine agree,
To what is here put forth;
Thou wilt with it well pleaſed be,
And ſet its merit forth:

Such merry Fancies here you'l find,
As you'l with me agree;
To laugh till you are almoſt blind,
With me for company:

But ſhould they to the cenſure of
Blind ſimple fooles be put;
Perhaps at them they'd make a ſcoff,
Untill the fooles be cut:

Yet

Yet do I hope that to the eye,
Of some wise men they'l come;
Yet of it much I doubt, for Why?
Fooles make the greater sum:

But if that all men should be fooles,
As I think there's good store;
I wish they were hang'd by their Tooles,
Each man at his own doore.

Thomas Pit

On the Book.

POets and Painters *Nature imitate*,
And objects pencill forth of *Love* and *Hate*:
Lively describing in their several kind,
The Vices and the Vertues of the mind;
The bodies fairnes and deformity,
Their height'ned fancies represent to th'y
By which our minds by pleasing wayes are taught,
What to pursue, and what to set at nought
And this in such a method here is done,
That none, except stark blind, can forward run
In paths of folly: Who to be abhorr'd
Is here set forth, and not to be ador'd.

Jo. de Visscher.

The Author on his Book.

MY Friends,
——*See here the choiceſt Wit,*
And Fancies on which Poets hit;
When Wine inſpir'd: not ſuch as Ale
That muddy drench, nor Beer though ſtale,
Could er'e produce: No colours faint,
But bright and noble, lively paint,
The Various face of Humours here:
You'le ſee the ranting Cavaleere:
The reeling Drunkard, needy ſhark,
The ſwearing Hector, Pimping ſparke:
The Pander, Bawd, and Whore, whoſe wayes
Wiſdome forbids each one to trace,
Thoſe actions which by them are done;
Not t' imitate but laugh and ſhunne:
Are here propos'd, no laſh at th'Times,
Nor ſcourge to great ones rais'd by crimes:
But harmleſſe mirth each where abounds;
Light Satyrs, Epigrams are found,
Of which though all pleaſe not, ſome may.
However, this my Muſe bids ſay;
Y'are welcome, view thoſe flowers of wit,
Which for my paſtime I did knit:
And if my judgment faile not they are ſuch:
As will not cauſe you think the price too much.

On the Book.

As curious pictures drawn by pencills rare
To imitate the life with curious care;
So private faults are here so well expreſt,
As each man acts them in his ſecret breſt:
No malice bent to any private men;
But cautions given what to ſhun; and then
To bring forth vices on the publique Stage,
To be abhorr'd; and ſhew this wicked Age
How they paſs on in ſin, and never think,
How nere they are unto deſtructions brink:
Which if our Author happy be in this,
He hath his great deſire, and his wiſh.

Iames Cooke

This ERRATA. is now corrected

PAge 12. line 7. for *purged* read *pang'd*, p. 52. l. 18. f. *me* r. *one*, p. 59. l. 3. f. *in* r. *on*, p. 70. l. 13. f *lowly* r. *louſey*, p. 92. l. 1. f. *one* r. *gon*, p. 103. l. 22. r. *full quart*, p. 104. l. 21. f. *black* r. *lack*, p. 110. l 22 f. *heart* r. *art*, p. 116. l. 21. dele *nor ſing*, p. 128. l. 18 f. *done* r. *dove*, p. 149. l. 2. r. *Houſe*.

SELECTED, *Humours, Fancies, Epigrams,* and *Satyrs.*

SOme men, that to contention are enclin'd,
With any thing they ſee, a fault will finde,
As that's not good, this ſame's amiſſe,
I have no great affection unto this.
Now I proteſt, I do not like this ſame,
This muſt be mended, that deſerveth blame.
It were far better ſuch a thing were out;
This is obſcure, and that's as full of doubt.
And much ado, and many words are ſpent
In finding out the path where humours went;
And for direction to that idle way,
Onely a buſie tongue bears all the ſway.
The diſh that *Eſope* did commend for beſt,
Is now adayes in wonderfull requeſt.
But if you finde fault on a certain ground,
Wee'l fall to mending when the fault is found.

On Tom Holland and Nell Cotton.

A light young man lay with as light a woman,
And did requeſt their things might be in common,
And gave her when her good will he had gotten,
A Yard of Holland for an Ell of Cotton.

Of finding a Hare.

A Gallant full of life and void of care,
Did ask his Friend if hee'd go finde a Hare:
He that for ſleep more than ſuch ſports did care,
Said, go your wayes, and let me here alone.
Let them find Hares that loſt them, I loſt none.

Upon the ſight of a young laſſe bathing her ſelf.

A neat limb'd Laſs ſat, bathing by a ſpring:
The ſhady trees did all combine to hide her.
The VVindes were calm, the pretty Birds did ſing
And pleaſant ſtreams glide ſilently beſide her.

My wanton thoughts did then entice my Eye,
To ſee what is ſo commonly forbidden,
But better thoughts within my breſt cry'd fie:
Thus vain delights by holy thoughts were chidden

The Prologue to Monsier Humour.

Pray by your leave make Monsier *Humour* room,
That oft hath walkt about Duke *Humphry's* tomb,
And sat amongst the Knights to see a play,
And gone in's sute of Sattin every day;
And had his Hat display a bushy plume,
And's very Beard deliver forth perfume;
But when was this? Ask Fryer *Bacons* head:
That answer'd *Time is past. O Time is fled.*
Sattin and silk was pawne long ago;
And now in Canvass. No Knight doth him know,
His former state in dark Oblivion sleeps.
Only *Paul's* gallery, that walk he keeps.

Monsier Humour.

Cross not my Humour with an ill plac'd word,
For if thou dost, behold my fatall sword!
Dost thou not see my countenance looks red?
Let that foretell there's fury in my Head:
A little discontent will quickly heat it,
Touch not my stake, thou wert as good to eat it.
These cursed Dice how damn'd do they devour!
I've lost ten pound in lesse than half an houre

A bowle of Wine, Sirrah, go quickly fill!
VVho draws it Raſcall? call me hither *Will*:
You Rogue! what haſt to ſupper for my diet?
Tell'ſt me of Butchers meat? I do defie it.
I'le have a Banquet to invite an Earle,
A *Phœnix* boil'd in Broth, diſtill'd in Pearl.
Hold! dry this leaf! a Candle quickly bring!
I'le take one Pipe to Bed, no other thing.
Thus with *Tobacco* he will Sup to Night;
Fleſh, meat is heavy, and his purſe is light.

The Deſperate Cuckold.

One of thoſe Cuckold making Queans
Did graft her Husbands Head,
VVho arm'd with Anger, Steel, and Horn,
VVould Kill him ſtain'd his Bed:
And challeng'd him unto the Field,
Vowing to have his Life:
VVhere being met, Sirrah (quoth he)
I do ſuſpect, my Wife
Is ſcarce ſo honeſt as ſhe ſhould,
You make of her ſome Uſe.
Indeed, ſaith he, I love her well;
I'le frame no falſe excuſe.
O! d'you confeſſe? by heavens (quoth he)
Hadſt thou deny'd the guilt,

This

This Blade had gone into thy Guts,
Even to the very Hilt.

The discontented Gentlewoman.

Judge! if my Husband use me kinde or no,
That must intreat him twice to buy a Fan,
A Hood he likewise grudges to bestow,
Although I use the best good words I can:
I must wear fashions, till they grow 'month old:
And I am lov'd lesse than a bag of gold.
VVhat Gentlewoman would endure this life?
VVho would sustain the troubles I abide?
I might have been a *London* Merchants wife,
And never been upbraided with my pride.
But if Death crosse him, who doth crosse me still,
I'le have a Citizen, by Christ I will.

The well featered Lasse.

There are I know, some Fools that do not care
Much for the Body, so the Face be faire:
Some other Asses in a Female Creature
Respect no beauty, but a handsome feature;
Each Man his humour hath; and faith tis mine,
To love the VVoman that I now define.

Firſt, I would have her wrinkled wainſcot face,
With mouth from ear to ear juſt like a Place:
Her Noſe I'de have a foot long, not above;
With Pimples red and blew, for ſuch I love;
And at the end a comely pearl of ſnot,
Conſidering whether it ſhould fall or not:
Provided next, her teeth be rotted out:
I care not if her pretty pearly ſnowt
Meet with her chin, and both of them together
Hem in her lips, as dry as is tann'd leather:
She ſhould have one wall eye, for thats a ſigne,
In other beaſts the beſt; why not in mine?
Let her ey-brows be a pent-houſe to her face.
With hair two inches long for better grace.
Her neck I'de have to be pure jet at leaſt,
With yellow ſpots enamell'd; and her breaſt
Shriv'led like two old bottles made of leather;
Yet they ſhould loving be and ſtick together:
As for her belly; 'tis no matter ſo
There be a belly and a thing below;
Yet would I have it to be ſomething high,
But alwayes let there be a Timpany.
But ſtay! where am I now? here I ſhould ſtride,
Leſt I fall in the place may be ſo wide.
Into her legs, let her good humours fall:
And all her calf into a gowty ſmall.
Her feet both ſhort and thick, and neatly ſplay'd,
Here's the character of a handſome Maid.

As for her back parts, I desire no more,
If they but answer those which are before,
I have what I desire; and having so,
Judge Reader! am I happy yea or no?

The She Saint.

One came to court a Wench that was precise,
But she spiritual doth the flesh despise:
He would have driven a trade betwixt them two:
But she in truth and sadness would not do.
But he reply'd, that one so fair as she,
Made of such mould, as all fair VVomen be,
Ought by the law of Nature to be kinde,
And shew that she doth bear a womans minde:
O Sir, quoth she, you men do so prevaile,
With crafty speeches and a pleasant tale;
Come its a folly to be over nice;
You shall; but twenty shillings is my price.
If you a brace of Angels will bestow,
Come such a time I shall be for you so:
VVell he took leave: and with her husband met,
Tels him by promise he's to pay a debt;
Intreateth him to do a friendly deed,
To lend him twenty shillings at his need.
He very kindly did the money lend,
Which th'other as freely on his Wife did spend.

So taking leave of her he goes his wayes,
Meeting his Friend again within few dayes,
Tells him how he had been at home to pay
The money which he borrow'd t'other day,
And with your VVife becauſe you were not there,
I left it Sir; pray with my boldneſſe bear.
Tis well (quoth he) I'me glad I did you pleaſure,
So coming home, queſtions his Wife at leaſure:
Prethee ſweet heart, was ſuch a man with thee?
And did he twenty ſhillings leave for me?
She bluſh't and ſaid, he had been there indeed;
But, Husband, you do ill to lend; take heed:
The falſhood of the world you do not ſpie,
It is not ſafe to truſt, before you try.
Pray lend no more! for it may cauſe much ſtrife,
To have ſuch Knaves come home to pay your wife.

The Drunken Beggars.

Two canting Rogues that old Conſorts had been,
Who Cage and Stocks had oft met kindly in,
That had been ſharers long and many aday,
Of what they got upon the common way.
By accident did at an Ale-houſe meet,
And in this manner did each other greet
With *Roger*, well met rogue, old fellow beggar:
When ſhal we two-like boon cõpanions ſwagger?

As

As we have done thou know'ſt in youthfull prime,
How doſt thou thrive mad ſlave, this Farthing time
This Copper-age, what, come they roundly in?
Yes, faith? the trade hath never better been.
Pence and few givers have been heretofore
But farthings now, and givers there's good ſtore;
Men, women, children, ſervants, all are able:
I tell thee fellow, this is comfortable!
There's never a day that I a broad do rome,
But I bring Copper, like a Tinker home:
Knock for Tobacco, call for Ale, hang ſorrow!
God bleſſe you Maſter; will bring more to morrow:
Thus in their Ale and Pipe of ſmother ſitting,
And boaſting to each other of their getting,
VVithin ſhort time, they ply'de their liquor ſo
That drunk they were, ſo drunk they could not go,
And fell to quarrell of old matters done,
VVhen they their partnerſhip had firſt begun;
Thou cheateſt me of twenty pence, quoth one,
Unto thy conſcience it is plainly known:
I cheat? quoth he! thou lyeſt in thy throat,
Thy company hath coſt me many a groat:
Thou canſt not ſay, that I have cut a purſe!
But thou haſt broke ope' houſes and done worſe:
Stoln ſheets from hedges, broke ope doors by night,
And deſerv'd hanging, if thou hadſt thy right:
VVith that together by the ears they fall;
The Conſtable on t'other ſide the wall

VVas

Was drinking with a Friend, for ayd he knocks,
To carry drunken Beggars to the Stocks:
From whence he ſent them to another coaſt,
And made their paſſe-port from the whipping poſt.

The Batchelour and Widow.

An ancient Batchelour did long forbear,
Becauſe of houſhold charge he ſtood in fear:
And would not marry, till he heard of one
VVas ſtor'd with money, but with children none:
A houſwife good and ſaving of her Purſe,
She ſhould be his for better or for worſe.
Thus looking out, and ſearching with a care,
To have a wealthy match unto his ſhare,
At length upon a woman chanc'd to light,
Childeleſſe, and rich unto his humour right,
As greedy as himſelf being wholly bent,
And here's a Match unto his hearts content;
He doth rejoyce, and boaſt among his friends,
That his good fortune to this height extends;
A wife that's ſo compleat from head to foot,
He would not change, for thouſands given to boot.
And thus with joy he doth embrace his Bride,
Holding himſelf now riſen on th' right-ſide:
That he had grace ſo luckily to chooſe:
Oh joyfull, happy, admirable news!

You

You Batchelours come learn of me, he ſaid;
Venter not over-raſhly on a Maid;
They are proud and poor, and long a woing,
And prove bad huſwifes to a mans undoing:
But take a VVidow to augment thy ſtate,
That hath good Leaſes, houſhold ſtuffe and plate,
Good linnen, woollen, pewter, and good braſſe;
And welcome Widow! Tut, a Maid's an Aſſe.
Moſt lovingly they lived man and wife,
A whole fornight before they fell at ſtrife.
But two weeks paſt, fell ſuch a ſtormy ſhower,
He never ſaw calm weather to this houre.
His name of *John* is turned into *Jack*;
She tels him that her money cloth'd his back,
And that he was a raſcally poor knave,
'Twas ſhe had made a man of ſuch a ſlave:
Her words laſt week of love, ſweet-heart and joy,
Are turn'd to Villain, Rogue and beardleſs boy:
She tels him further, that it is her ſhame,
That ſhe had grac'd him with a Husbands name;
A wretch, not worthy for to wipe her ſhoes:
Friends, this is bad, and yet, we have worſe news,
Which is too true, as every neighbour knows:
From railing words, ſhe fals to ſwaggering blows,
And ſcratcht his face, in fury broke his head;
And in her choller kickt him out of bed.

He

He ſhall not walk before her in the ſtreets,
Nor ly with her between a pair of Sheets.
Shee is his better's far, in each degree,
And vows her beſt bags he ſhall never ſee.
Here's a brave match for money! is it not?
The Batchelour hath a rich widdow got:
But he doth wiſh (with grief and anguiſh pang'd
That he were buried, or his wife were hanged.
And now a Maid, ſo poor as poor may be,
Is worth ten thouſand VVidows, ſuch as ſhe.

The Drunken Duellers.

Two ſwaggering Raſcals, ſuch as to
Contention do incline,
VVithin a Tavern fell at ſtrife,
About their Cups of VVine.

One miſt his turn, or drank not all,
As Drunken humour be,
VVherewith grew Rogue and Raſcall, and
As good a man as thee.

Meet me to morrow morn (ſaith one)
At nine, in ſuch a place,
VVee'le end it with a bloody bout,
For offering th's diſgrace.

Next morning, these two Champions meet,
And pac'd the fields about:
At length, one to the other speakes,
Kinde *Tom*, how fell we out?

Quoth t'other, honest *Robin*, troth
—I know not well the cause:
And therefore let's go drink a quart,
And on the matter pause:

VVhat should we like two fools go draw,
And fight we know not why?
Dost thou bear malice? no (qnoth he)
By these same Hilts nor I:

So they fell in, where they fell out,
T'was VVine began the fray;
They went to drink a quart or two,
And let the combat stay.

The Sick mans Prayer.

One very sick, most earnestly did pray
To God, who had not pray'd in many a day;
Desiring this one time his Prayers to hear,
VVho had not troubled him in twenty year:
Besides,

Befides if hee'l but eaſe him of his pain,
He Vowes, he ne're will trouble him again.

The Schollar and his Wife.

A Schollar newly entred Marriage life,
Following his Study did offend his wife;
Becauſe when ſhe his company expected,
By Bookiſh buſineſs ſhe was ſtill neglected:
Coming unto his Study, Lord! quoth ſhe,
Can papers make you love them, more than me?
I would I were transform'd into a book,
That your affections might upon me look:
But in my wiſh, withall it be decreed,
I would be ſuch a book, you love to read, (ta
Husband (quoth ſhe) which books form ſhou
(Marry) ſaith he 't were beſt an Almanack:
The reaſon wherefore I do wiſh thee ſo
Is, every year we have a new, you know.

Th

The Cheater cheated.

Three *Cambridg* Scholars gaming hard one night,
When much was won and loſt by Candle-light?
He that had won the moſt, began to ſay
'Twas time to go to bed, and leave off Play:
But his companions urg'd to play on ſtill,
He being obſtinate, would have his will
And go to bed; they ſtill their gaming keep,
Till they perceive him to be faſt aſleep,
Then craftily the Candle they put out,
And cloſe the windows, curtains, round about
So that there could no light at all be ſeen,
They talk, as if they ſtill had gaming been:
Then ſuch a wrangling and a noiſe they keep,
That wak'd the other Scholar out of ſleep;
Who looking upwards, and no light perceiving,
Asks them if they were of their wits bereaven,
To play without a light? They talk of play,
As if they heeded not what he did ſay;
Therefore he ſits up, and begins to doubt,
And rubs his eyes as if he 'd rub them out:
But now he 's ſerious, being quite awake
He doth intreat them both for *Jeſus ſake*
To tell him whether they had any light?
Either they had not, or he had no ſight.

We

We thank you for your jeſts, kind friend, quoth
You well may jeer, for you have won to day. (they
I do not jeer good Sirs, I do proteſt!
I pray come neer and ſee I do not jeſt.
So up they riſe, and to his bed-ſide go,
And ask him, do you ſee us now or no?
What don't you us perceive? look here we ſtand!
Nor don't you ſee the candle in my hand?
Not I in truth, nor any thing can ſee;
His eys do ſeem as good as others be:
Hearing which words, the Scholler wept full ſore,
O Lord, ſaith he, I never ſhall ſee more:
This is ſome judgment ſure from heaven above,
Becauſe that gaming I ſo much did love.
My Breeches reach, your mony back I'le give,
For why I think, I have not long to live:
Here take it all! I'm ſure there's every ſtake;
His fellows glad, their plot ſo right did take.
They reach the Tinder box, a Candle light,
The blind man forthwith did recover ſight.

God a mercy Horſe.

Occaſion late was miniſtred,
For one to try his Friend:
Ten pounds he did intreat him, that
He would be pleas'd to lend:

His freind proteſts he hath it not,
Making a ſolemn Vow;
He wants the ſame, or gladly he
Would do him pleaſure now.
Then Sir (quoth he) you know I have
A Gelding I love well,
Neceſſity doth urge me ſo,
I muſt my gelding ſell.
Twelve pound I have been offered,
With ten I'le be content:
I will go try a friend (ſaith he)
It was his Cheſt, he meant.
So brings the money to the man,
Who ſees the angels ſhine,
Now *god a mercy Horſe* (quoth he)
Thy credits more than mine.

The compleat Tobaconiſts.

AN honeſt Vicar, a Wizzard, or a Witch,
A Chimny ſweeper, *Tom Tinker* and his bitch,
Met all together at a tipling Houſe,
To try each others valour at the bowſe.
Sir *John* did reaſon, the Witch did alſo well,
Chimny ſweep better; the Tinker did excell:
And ſurely *Tom* had quickly got the beſt,
But that his bitch paſt him and all the reſt.

They wondred much at *Tom*, but at *Tib* more,
Faith, quoth the Vicar, *Tibs* a gallant Whore;
Chymny ſweep, and the Tinker fell to fighting,
They us'd both kicking, pinching, ſcratching biting
The Witch and Bitch fell out and 'gan to brawl,
Sir *John* ſpoke latine 'nough to choak them all;
And neer leaves off untill the fray he ends,
Cals for the t'other Pot and makes all friends;
And then afreſh they fall again to ſwill:
But Chymny ſweeper takes Tobacco ſtill;
And well he may, for his Commiſſion's large:
He ſweeps his throat at his own proper charge;
Then preſently doth ſmoak the man of mettle,
Which makes his chops as black as is his Kettle.
O then let Gentlemen leave off to think on't,
When Tinkers and ſuch raſcal ſlaves do drink on't.

The Bear and the Piper.

AN old Companion walking up and down,
To Pipe a living out from Town to Town:
Being at a Wedding buſie at his play,
Forgets the danger of his tedious way.
And though belated (be it ill or good)
He is reſolv'd to wander through the VVood:
And as he went, with ſnapſack full of ſcraps,
And Tabor at his back, by fortune haps

That

That he far off by Moon-light chanc'd to ſee
A cruell Bear, which forc'd him take a tree:
The beaſt with ſudden ſpeed, came feircely to't,
And 'gins to ſcrape and ſcratch about the root;
So ſcar'd poor Taborour this ugly Bear,
He ſweat and trembled with a ſtinking fear:
At length he thought upon his Wedding ſcraps,
And throws them to the Bear to fill his chops:
Who for a time, from minding did refrain,
But eating all fell hard to work again.
O now quoth he, I have no hope at all,
The tree begins to ſhake and I muſt fall:
Adiew my friends! this Bear will me devoure;
Yet as a farwell to my dying houre,
In ſpight of all the *Paris-garden* foes,
I'le have a fit, as hard as this world goes:
So to his Pipe and Tabor him betakes,
And with the ſame he no ſmall Muſick makes:
The Bear amazed from his ſcratching runs,
As if at's breech had been a peal of Guns;
VVhich when the Taborour with joy did ſee,
VVell Bear, ſaid he, if this your humour be;
VVould I had known to uſe this charming feat,
You ſhould have danc'd before you had my meat:
So down he venters without longer ſtaying,
And through the woods he al th'night go's playing
Then coming home, ſends for his friends to hear
How ſtrangely he eſcap't a horrid Bear:

Vowing his Tabor was more dear to him,
Than *Arions* Harp could be when he did ſwim
Upon the Dolphins back, moſt ſafe to ſhore.
And this ſame Inſtrument for evermore,
Shall as a monument to *Tom Pipers* race,
Shew forth his valour, and the Bears diſgrace.

The Ranting Hector.

When Cavalero Rakehell is to riſe
Out of his bed, he capers light and heady; (cryes,
Then, wounds he ſwears; you arrant Whore he
VVhy, what's the cauſe my breakfaſt is not ready.
Can men feed like Camelions on the ayre?
This is the manner of his morning Prayer:
Well he ſwears on untill his breakfaſt comes,
And then with teeth he falls to work apace,
Leaving his Boy a banquet all of Crums;
Diſpatch you Rogue! my Rapier! that's his grace:
So forth he walks, his ſtomack muſt go ſhift,
To dine and ſup a broad by deed of gift.

Met with at laſt.

A Haſty fellow of a froward nature,
VVas married to a faire and gentle creature:
VVhich

VVhich was moſt willing to content him ſtill,
But he of diſpoſition was full ill:
VVith every trifle, he a fault would finde,
VVhich made his wife intreat him very kinde;
That he in writing would his mind explain
VVhat thing ſhe ſhould perform, and what refrain;
He was content, and wrote his wife a Book,
And bad her often thereupon to look.
For in the ſame, he plainly had exp eſt,
VVhat ſhe ſhould practiſe to content him beſt.
And matters that diſpleaſe him to omit;
She very kindly gives him thanks for it;
Vowing ſhe would a willing Scholler be,
To learn thoſe leſſons, did with peace agree;
VVhich ſhe in memory would ſtill retain,
And croſſe the Devill in his make-bate vain.
All ſtormy tempeſts ſhall be mildly laid;
I'le pleaſe my husband, now by book ſhe ſaid:
The world being now a little better mended,
To walk and ſee a friend they both intended,
Some two miles out of town, and merry make,
So frolick till her husbands cap did ake,
And he muſt needs at evening ſomewhat late
Return home reeling, with a drunken pate:
No friends perſwaſions could with him prevaile,
To ſleep away the Head-ach of the Ale; bound.
But home, quoth he, come wife, we're homeward
I like old *Harry* mean to ſtand my ground:

And ſo along goes Drunkard thorough ſtitch,
Untill he came unto a ſcurvey ditch:
Into the ſame down from the Bridge he falls;
And then help wife, a hand, ſweet wife he cals.
Husband, quoth ſhe to help forth ditch or brook,
As I remember is not in my Book:
And therefore firſt, I will go home and ſee,
Before you get a helping hand of me;
If it be writ:en, I ſhall lend a lift,
I'le do it willing, elſe your ſelf ſhall ſhift.

Labour in vain.

A Batchelour who hath long ſought a wife,
Rich, fair, and wiſe, a Maiden for his Bed;
Not proud, nor churliſh, but of faultleſſe liſe,
A country houſe-wife, in the City bred:
But he's a fool, and long in va'n hath ſtaid,
He ſhould beſpeak her, there's none ready made.

Conten' at laſt.

THis roguiſh houſe, what a pox brought me h ther?
What a e theſe Rogues & Whores gone altogether?
A mangie houſe! here gentlemen may ſtarve,
Whilſt knaves & drabs are playing that ſhould ſerve:

Anon

Anon ſayes one, may it pleaſe your worſhip dine,
My pleaſure is you ſlave to drink ſome VVine:
VVhat ſmell is this? faugh! here a filthy fog;
A ſtinking room, able to choak a Dog:
Torn Cuſhions, durty Towels, rotten Stools;
Plague on ſuch raſchalls! logger-heads and fools!
A quart of Ipocras, freſh, neat and pure,
Now by my blade, I ſhall be angry ſure:
The Boy with humble flexure doth decline,
And runneth to the Celler down for VVine:
Mean while his worſhip's gone. and wot you why?
Pox take the Beaker! muſt that ſtand ſo nigh.

Too hot to hold.

TWo gentlemen of hot and furious ſp'rit,
Took Boat and went up weſtward for to fight
But to be brief for *Wanſworth* they ſet ſale,
And there arriving with a happy gale;
The Water-men diſcharged for their fare,
They ſtut along as if reſolv'd they were:
Pray Ores, ſaid they, ſtay there, and come not nigh,
VVe go to fight a little, but here by:
The VVater-men with ſtaves did follow then,
And crye, O hold your hands, good gentlemen!
You know the danger of the law; forbear!
So they put weapons up, and fell to ſwear.

Pot valiant.

Bid me go sleep? I scorn it with my heels;
I know my self as good a man as thee:
Let go my arm I say, lead him that reels,
I am a right good fellow; dost thou see?
I know what longs to drunkenness and can
Abuse my self, as well as any man.

I care no more for twenty hundred pound
(Before the Lord) then for a very straw:
I'le fight with any he above the ground;
But tell not me what's what, I know the Law;
Rapier and Dagger! with any one I'le fight:
I'le now try fals with any by this light.

A young Astrologer.

One newly practised in Astrology,
That never dealt in weather wit before,
Would scrape for ooth acquaintance with the sky,
And by his art go knock at heavens door;
Mean while a scholler from his study slips,
And taught his wife skill in the Moons Eclipse.

Next night that friend perſwades him walk alone,
Into the field to gather ſtars that fell,
To mixt them with Philoſophers rare ſtone
That gold begets, he li.'d the motion well,
And went to look where ſtars dropt very thin,
And home return'd wet to his very skin.

A lyrick to Myrth.

VVhile the milder Fates conſent;
Lets enjoy our own content:
Drink, and dance, and ſing, and play;
Kiſſe our laſſes night and day:
Crown'd with cluſters of the Vine,
Let us ſit and quaff our VVine,
Call on *Bacchus*, chant his praiſe.
Shake the *Thyrſe*, and bite the *Bayes*.
Rouſe *Anacreon* from the dead,
And return him drunk to bed.
Sing o're *Horace*; for ere long:
Death will come and mar the Song:
Then ſhall *Wilſon* and *Coteire*,
Never ſing or play more here.

The Vſurer and Divine.

AN Uſurer met late with a Divine,
At a friends houſe, where they together din;
And entring good diſcourſe the Preacher took
Occaſion to condemn out of Gods book,
The ſinfull trade that money mongers uſe,
Beginning with Gods law unto the Jews,
And ſo throughout all ages; how the beſt
Of holy men did Uſury deteſt:
And that there never any Saint hath bin,
VVould venter's ſoul upon that wicked ſin:
The Uſurer that heard this zealous ſpeech,
Repented, and Gods mercy did beſeech:
In his defence, not knowing what to ſay,
But free confeſt his heart had gone aſtray;
And from that day would reſtitution make
And ſix'th hundred utterly forſake.
To Hoſpitals moſt liberall he would give,
To th' Priſoners that in miſery doth live:
Alms houſes for the poor he will have made,
And Churches will repair that are decay'd.
High-wayes and Bridges he will likewiſe mend,
And bountifull benevolence extend;
To ſchools of learning, yea would thouſands give,
To pious Uſe while he had time to live,

And

And ſo deteſting damned Uſury,
Learn every day unto the world to die.
After he did this godly motion chuſe,
He walked home, where ſitting in a muſe;
His man comes in and to him ſadly ſpoke:
Sir, He you ſent me to this morning broke:
Hee's gone for *Ireland* the neighbours ſay;
And what he ows, he ne're intends to pay:
Another of his ſervants coming in,
And tels him as bad news, where he had bin,
One that ſhould pay five hundred pounds together,
Had taken *Ludgate*, and was now gone thither:
Now out upon them Villains both he ſaid!
Is this a world t'have reſtitution made?
Give unto Hoſpitals that will for me,
And tarry Knaves in Priſon where you be:
Build Alms-houſes that hath a minde thereto,
I with my coyn have ſomewhat elſe to do:
Mend Bridges he, that over Bridges goes,
For you ſhall make no Bridge (friend) of my Noſe.
And for your Churches with decayed wall,
Get Briefs and beg, or let your Churches fall.
Mine owns mine own, upon my ſelf to ſpend;
I'le truſt to none, gold's my aſſured freind.

An honeſt Whore.

FAith Gentlemen you move me to offence,
In coming to me with unchaſte pretence:
Have I the looks of a laſcivious dame?
That you ſhould deem me fit for wanton game.
I am not ſhe will take luſts ſin upon her:
I'le rather dy than dim chaſt glorious honour.
Tempt not mine ears; in grace of Chriſt I mean
To keep my honeſt reputation clean:
My hearing lets no ſuch lewd ſin come in,
My ſenſes loath to ſurfet on ſweet ſin.
Revert your minde, that goes from grace aſtray,
And god forgive you with my heart I pray.
The gallant notes her words, obſerves her frowns,
Then draws his Purſe, & lets her veiw his crowns,
Vowing that if her kindneſs grant him pleaſure,
She ſhall be Miſtreſſe to command his treaſure.
The ſtorms are calm'd, the clouds are over-blown;
And ſhe replyes, *with yours, or not mine own:*
Deſiring him to cenſure for the beſt,
Twas but her Trick. to try if men do jeſt:
Her love is lock't, where he may pick the Trunk;
Let all men judge if this be not a Punck.

Ignoramus.

Ignoramus:

LAugh good my Maſters, if you can intend it!
For yonder comes a Fool that will defend it.
Saw you a verier Aſſe in all your life?
That makes himſelf a pack-horſe to his wife?
I would his Noſe where I could wiſh were warm,
For carrying *Pearl* ſo pretty under's arm:
Pearl, his wifes dog, a pretty ſweet fac'd cur,
That barks at night as the leaſt fart doth ſtir,
Is now not well, his cold is ſcarcely broke;
Therefore good husband wrap him in thy cloak.
And ſweet heart prethee help me to my mask,
Hold *Pearl* but tender, for he hath the lask:
Here take my Muff, and do you hear good man?
Now give me *Pearl*, and carry you my Fan:
Alack poor *Pearl!* the wretch is full of pain,
Husband take *Pearl*, give me my fan again:
See how he quakes! faith I am like to weep;
Come to me *Pearl*, my ſcarf good husband keep,
To be with me I know the puppy loves:
Why *Pearl*, I ſay, husband take up my gloves!
Thus goodman Idiot thinks himſelf an Earl,
That he can pleaſe his wife and carry *Pearl*.
But others judge his ſtate to be no higher,
Than a dog-yeoman, or a Puppy ſquire.

The

The Lyar.

WHo have we here? behold him and be mute:
Some mighty man, I'le warrant by his ſute:
If all the Mercers in *Cheape-ſide* ſhew ſuch,
I'le give them leave to give me twice as much:
I think the ſtuff is nameleſſe he doth wear;
But what ſo e're it be, tis monſtrous dear:
Mark but his gate, and give him then his due!
Some ſwaggering fellow I may ſay to you;
It ſeems ambition in his big looks ſhrowds:
Some Centaure, ſure begotten of the clouds.
Now a ſhame take the Buzzard, is it he?
I know the Ruffian, now his face I ſee.
On a more gull the Sun did never ſhine;
How with a vengeance come the fool ſo fine?
Some Noblemans caſt ſute is fall'n unto him,
For buying Hoſe and Dublet would undo him:
But whither think you now, this buzzard walks?
To *Paul*'s forſooth, and there the Coxcombe talks
Of forreign travels, uttering his advice,
And proving VVars even like a game at Dice.
For thus (ſaith he) as every gameſter knowes,
Where one ſide wins, the other ſide muſt loſe.
Next ſpeech he utters, is his ſtomacks care,
Which Ordinary yeelds the cheapeſt fare,

Or

Or if his Purſe be out of tune to pay,
Then he remembers 'tis a Faſting-day;
And then he talketh much againſt exceſſe,
Swearing all other Nations eat far leſſe
Than *Engliſhmen* experience you may get,
In *France* and *Spaine* (where he was never yet)
VVith a ſcore of Figs, and half a pint of VVine,
Some foure or five will very bravely dine.
Me thinks this tale is very huge in ſound,
That half a Pint ſhould ſerve five to drink round,
And twenty Figs ſhould feed them full and fat:
But travellers may lie, who knows not that?
Then why not he who travels in conceit:
From Eaſt to VVeſt; when he can get no meat.
His journey is in *Paul*'s in the back iſles;
Where's ſtomack counts each pace a hundred miles,
A tedious thing, though chance will have it ſuch,
To travaile ſo long baitleſſe, ſure tis much!
Some other time ſtumbling on wealthy chuffs,
VVorth gulling, then he ſwaggers all in puffs;
And tels them of a prize he was at taking, (king;
VVill be the Ship-boyes childrens childrens ma-
And that a Mouſe could finde no room ith' hold,
It was ſo peſter'd, all with pearl and gold:
Vowing to pawn his head, if it were tryde,
They had more Rubies than would pave *Cheapſide:*
A thouſand other, groſſe and odious lies
He dares avouch, to blinde dull judgements eyes.

Not

Not caring what he ſpeaks, or what he ſwears,
So he gain credit at the hearers ears.
Sometimes unto the royall Exchange hee'l drop,
Clad in the ruines of a brokers ſhop;
And there his tongue runs byas on affairs,
No talk, but of Commodities and VVares:
And what great wealth he looks for every winde
From god knows where, the place is hard to finde
If news be harkned for, then he prevails,
Setting his Mint a work to coin falſe tales,
His tongues end is betipt with falſe chat,
Uttering rare lies, to be admired at.
Hee'l tell you of a Tree (that he doth know)
Upon the which Rapier's and Daggers grow,
As good as *Fleet ſtreet* hath in any ſhop,
VVhich being ripe, down into Scabbards drop:
He hath a very piece of that ſame Chair,
In which was *Cæſar* ſtab'd: is it not rare?
He with his feet upon the ſtones did tread (bread
That Satan brought, and bad Chriſt make them
Theſe wondrous travels challenge ſuch renown,
That Sir *John Mandevill* is quite put down.
Men without heads, and Pigmies hand breadth high
Thoſe with one leg, that on their backs do lie,
And do the waters injury diſdain;
Making their legs a pent-houſe for the rain;
Are tut and tuſh, not any thing at all.
His knowledge knows what no mans notice ſhall
He

You kiſſe moſt ſweetly Lady, he did ſay:
You'le not be angry if we ſport and play,
At beauteous *Venus* game? The thing you know,
But ſhe as to the reſt (good ſoul) ſaid *no.*
But what they did, to me it is unknown,
For in an Arbour they were all alone:
He kiſſing her did ſay, he needs muſt go,
(Kinde hearted woman) ſhe again ſaid *No.*

All's not well.

SIrrah, come hither! Boy take a view of me:
My Lady, I am purpos'd to go ſee:
What doth my feather flouriſh with a grace?
And doth this little patch become my face?
How decent doth this doublets form appear?
I would I had my ſute in *Hounds-ditch* here.
Do not my Spurs pronounce a ſilver ſound?
Is not my tops circumference profound?
Sir, theſe are well, but there is one thing ill:
Your Taylor came this morning with your bill,
Vows hee'le be paid, and Serjeants he hath fee'd,
Which wait your coming forth to do the deed.
Boy, god a mercy, let my Lady ſtay!
I'le ſee no Counter for her ſake to day.

The roaring pimpe.

OH! Let the gentlewoman have the wall!
I know her well, tis miſtreſſe what do you call.
It ſhould be ſhe, both by her Mask and Fan;
But yet it ſhould not by her Serving-man;
For if mine eyes do not miſtake the fool,
It is the Uſher of ſome dancing School.
The reaſon why I do him ſuch ſuppoſe,
Is this, me thinks he dances as he goes:
An active fellow! though he be but poore,
Either to vault upon a horſe or whore:
See you that ſword which hangeth by his ſide,
VVith which he can a man in two divide?
O with that blade he keeps the queans in aw!
Its all behacked like a two-hand ſaw.
Stamps on the ground, & biteth both his thumbs,
Unleſſe he be commander where he comes. (here,
You damned Whores! where are you? quick come
Dry this Tobacco, fill a doozen of Beer.
VVill you be brief? or long you to be bang'd?
Hold! take his match! go light it and be han g'd!
Where ſtay theſe whores when gentlemen do call?
Here's no attendance by the Lord at all:
Then down the ſtairs, the pots in rage he throws,
And in a damned vein of ſwearing grows;
For he will challenge any under heaven,
To ſwear with him, and give him ſix in ſeven.

The

The Alchymist.

Oh! he is an accomplisht gentleman,
And many rare conceited knacks he can:
He can transform himself into an Asse,
Shew you the Devill in a Christall-glasse.
The Devill say I? why is that such wonder?
Being consorts they will not be asunder.
Alchimy in his brains so sure doth settle,
He can make gold of any copper-kettle,
VVithin a three weeks space or such a thing,
Riches upon the whole world he could bring:
But in his own purse one shall hardly spie it;
VVitnesse his Hostesse for a twelve moneths diet;
VVho would be glad of gold or silver either,
But swears by chalk and post she can get neither.
More he will teach any to gain their love
As thus: (saith he) take me a turtle Dove,
And in a Oven let her ly and bake,
So dry, that you may powder of her make,
VVhich being put into a cup of VVine
The Wench that drinks it will to love incline;
And shall not sleep in quiet in her bed,
Till she be eased of her Maiden-head:
This is *probatum*, and it hath been tri'd;
Or else the cunning-man hath basely ly'd

What you pleaſe.

SPeak gentlemen! what ſhall we do to day?
Drink ſome new health in a profound carouſe;
Or ſhall we ſomewhere go to ſee a Play?
Or viſite *Sodom* for a bawdy-houſe?
Lets call for Cards and Dice and have a game!
To ſit thus idle, is both ſin and ſhame.

A Maid and no Maid.

WHen Country *Nan* the milk-maid laſſes left,
She came to *London* very neatly deckt,
To ſeek preferment, and her fortune raiſe,
Being indeed (as all the Pariſh ſayes)
A handſome wench, and likely to do well,
If ſhe might with a *London* Miſtreſſe dwell:
And even according to her hearts content,
Into a right good ſervice *Annis* went;
As good a Miſtreſſe as ſhe could deſire,
And as good wages as ſhe did require:
After two years ſhe kitchin maid had ſerved,
So well by her good carriage ſhe deſerved,
That to be Chamber-maid ſhe did aſcend,
And therewithall her wages much did mend:

Now

Now like a gentlewoman ſhe doth go,
And countrymaids admire to ſee her ſo;
Telling their friends, with all the ſpeed they can,
They will be *Londoners*, like Miſtreſſe *Anne*.
But lo, bad news as ever came to town
From *London*, to the country's carried down:
Alas, poor wench! a ſcurvy Serving-man
Hath, (out upon him) been with Country *Nan*,
And given her ſuch a knaviſh overthrow,
She is as big as ever ſhe can go:
And that ſame wicked fellow that did this,
Doth vow and ſwear the childe is none of his:
But ſets it light, and makes thereof a ſcoff,
And thinks in knavery to put her off:
But hee'l be talkt withall ere one moneth ends,
For the poor wench hath ſent for all her friends,
And then it will be proved plain at large,
That hee's the man muſt bear the nurſing charge.
And ſince that *Nan*'s Virginity is loſt,
They'le teach him what a Maiden-head will coſt:
What law will do he ſhall be ſure to finde,
Becauſe he bears ſuch baſeneſs in his minde:
Mean while be it a daughter or a ſon,
No remedy; it is ſo lately done.
Nans Maſter and her miſtreſſe both abhor it;
But what ſayes ſhe? they cannot hang her for it.

Desperado.

HAng him base gull! I'le stab him by the Lo
If he presume to speak but half a word:
I'le paunch the Villain with my rapiers point;
Or hew him with my hanger joynt by joynt.
Through both his cheeks my ponyard he shal hav
Or Mince-pie like, I'le mangle out the slave.
Ask who I am? you whorson freez-gown patch!
Call me before the Constable or VVatch?
Cannot a Captain walk the Kings High-way?
Swonds, who d' ye speak too? know ye villains? h
You drunken Pesants, runs your tongues on whee
Long you to see your guts about your heels?
Dost thou love *Tom?* let go my Rapier then!
Perswade me not from killing nine or ten:
I care no more to kill them in bravado,
Than for to drink a Pipe of Trinidado;
Thus doth Sir *Revill* in his drunken swagger,
Swears, curse and raile, threaten, profess & stagge
My minde to patience never will restore me,
Until their blood do gush in streames before me,
Next day to sober answer being brought,
He paid three pound, they'd baite him not a groa

Epigra

Epigrams.

I Have a love by whom the morning riſe,
Looks ſtill to have her bluſhing glory tainted,
Were they not blear'd; oh, ſhe had excellent eyes,
The world affords a face no better painted.
A lip like to *Diana* her fountains brink,
Heavens for a breath! oh that it did not ſtink!
Didſt thou but ſee with what facility
She wins a lover with an amorous look,
Thou'dſt conſecrate to all eternity
Her famous name, within ſome brazen book:
Lightning of nature! beauties 'mazing thunder!
The rogue doth ſmile, 'twould make your worſhip wonder.

The Diſcovery.

A gentleman lying awake in's bed,
'mongſt divers things that troubled his head,
A conference 'twixt certain thieves did hear
Under his window very cloſe and near:
Quoth one of them my counſell pray embrace,
Let's break in here, this is the weakeſt place:
No ſaid the other, I do doubt we ſhall
Finde this too ſtrong, for 'tis a double wall;
Then quoth the third, break out the Iron bars,
For too long lingring all our buſineſs mars:
The Gentleman unto his windows goes;
And thus he ſpake unto his thieving foes;

My

My friends, quoth he, forbear this quoile to keep
And come anon, I am not yet asleep:
When they heard this, away with fear they fled,
And he securely did return to bed.

A Night swaggerer.

Villain forbear! what if the watch be set?
I wish your Constable would dare to let
Me in my passage; I should make him fly,
And all your Halberd fools, that presently;
And he that next presumes to bid me stand,
Shall feell the weight both of my sword and hand
A gentleman I am in three degrees,
And for three worlds my titles I'de not leese.
First, I'me a gentleman by descent of blood,
Of antient stock that was before the flood;
Then for my Scholler-ship, a gentleman,
Both write and read, and cast account I can,
The third degree of gentleman I claim,
Is my professing of a Souldiers name:
Look but your Chronicle for eighty eight;
And turn to *Tilbury*, you'le finde me straight:
And dost thou think that I will stand in fear
Of Lanthorn, Bill-men, asking who goes there?
No! in the night, I must and will bear sway,
Although my humour be not so by day:

For then in policy, I hold it beſt
To ſhun the Serjeants, 'cauſe I fear arreſt.

Epigrams.

Sans all mettle, onely ayre and fire,
A Wench as merry as one would deſire;
She takes delight to laugh, play, dance and ſing;
Shee'le clip, ſhee'le kiſs, nay ſhee'le do any thing,
With any one at Cards, ſhee'le not ſay nay;
And laugh, and lye down is her common play;
Shee'le play at Tables well, and true as any;
Only ſometimes ſhee'le bear a man too many:
At bowls ſhee'le beat your chiefeſt alley lubbers,
Alwayes provided that they hold out rubbers.

Bravado.

Will you not pledge me Sir? now by this light,
I care not of a bulruſh if I fight.
Nay, now my reſolution nought withſtands,
Horrour and blood attend my murdrous hands:
Intreats are vain, for when I once am willing,
The world cannot diſſwade my blade from killing
(ſwore,
He draw'd and winkt, and thruſt, and ſhak'd and
And kept him off his Rapiers length and more.

Well

Well plai'd i'faith, maſs, that had ſpoil'd your ſpo
Had it not been at leaſt a yard too ſhort.
Bullie ! put up, I ſee thou art a man,
Come *Tom!* by Chriſt I'le pledge the a whole Ca

Neceſſity hath no Law.

A Country fellow, courſer cloath'd than witt
A fooliſh Lawyer wiſely thus he fitted.
Good Sir quoth he, are you Neceſſity?
The Lawyer was amaz'd exceedingly,
And askt him, why neceſſity, ſir Daw?
Forſooth quoth he, becauſe you have no law.

Epigrams on F. B.

HE had a Page; he lies that dare ſay nay,
Three dayes he ſerv'd him, ere he run aw
Hee'le tell a thouſand lyes, and twice as many:
Bids god renounce his ſoul better than any.
Cries villains, I have learn'd a new carouſe:
No man comes neer me in a bawdy houſe.
When others pawnd their land, he ſpent nogrou
Becauſe he had none; but three hundred pound
He ſpent indeed a little which he got,
Queſtions not, how, perchance it was his lot.

The roaring Boy and Punck.

PUnck! I lack mony, how haſt thriv'd to day?
Come quick, I am in haſt, make no delay.
A pox upon thee, roaring rogue quoth ſhe,
When we ſhould get! wonder where you be?
Here was a City young-man by this token,
Search you the purſe, a pretty youth well ſpoken,
And ſayes on Thurſday hee'le be here again:
With him let me alone, I have his vein:
But I lack't you to ſwagger wi h a gull;
A gallant that had crowns his pocket full,
A ſhame light on thee, hadſt thou then come in,
And curſt and ſwore, thou hadſt my husband been:
The fearfull ſlave would willingly compound,
Rather than in a Bawdy-houſe be found.
Be here on Munday-night in any caſe,
I ſhall have an *Italian* then in chaſe,
Beſides a *Dutchman* comes to try a Punck;
Swagger it bravely then, be ſoundly drunk.

Net

Not to be call'd again.

A Lady once at Table ſitting let
A Fart, ſome laught, then ſhe refus'd the plac
And mad with ſhame, her glove chanc'd to forge
VVhich ſhe return'd to fetch with baſhfull grac
And when ſhe would have asked for her glove,
My Fart quoth ſhe, which did more laughter mov

A Bull made ſenſe.

AS three were walking by a Hedge, one crye
I ſpie a cluſter of red Black-beries:
The ſecond laughed, the third being his friend,
Said; it was ſenſe, and he would it defend:
And with this queſtion gravely ſteps between:
Are not Black-berries red when they are green.

The valiant Souldier.

A Souldier once when as his mates betook
Themſelves to dine, encourag'd them & ſpoke;
Hang dinner lads! this night I'm ſure we ſhall
In Heaven at ſupper keep a Feſtivall:
But Battaile being joyn'd, he takes his flight,
And ſaid, I had forgot, tis faſting night.

Clean contrary.

ONe walking in the ſtreet in winters night,
Climb'd to a lanthorn, to have ſtole the light,
But taken in the manner and deſcry'd,
By ſervant Maid who looked out and cri'd,
Look here! who's that which doth our lanthorn handle
Nothing ſaid he, but only ſnuff the candle.

The Country Gallant.

GOod news is come for goodman *Jobſons* ſon,
His wretched Father with the world has done
Dead as a Dog that lyeth in a ditch,
And now his ſon means to go thorow ſtitch:
Hee'le be a gallant in his golden dayes;
His Father was a ſimple man he ſayes:

For though he gathered ſtore of worldly pelf,
Why, yet he did not underſtand himſelf.
He was for profit evermore prepar'd,
But for gentility he never car'd.
A plain blunt fellow ſtill a plodding on,
But *Chriſtopher* will be another man.
He will not have his arms a moneth to ſeek,
For he was with the Heraulds but laſt week,
And will have ſomething for himſelf to ſhow,
Although it be a Cuckow, or a Crow:
Nay and perhaps (if all things fall out right)
He may, before he goes to grave, turn Knight.
But he will make no boaſting, let that reſt,
Kit will be ever joviall as the beſt;
His Father was a good old man he ſayes,
And for his death he gives God hearty praiſe;
And now for *London* is this gallant bound,
Where humours ſo to grace him may be found.
Firſt he muſt learn to dance, and dance he will;
Then, to the noble ſcience, for ſome skill,
If any roaring boy ſhould chance to ſwagger,
And challenge him at Rapier, Sword and Dagger
In Taverns then his credit muſt appear,
Where ſtill his purſe doth all the reckoning bear
Dinners and Suppers, drunken healths to any,
He doth diſcharge the Bils unto a penny.
And ſhunks, that are his daily feaſting friends,
He doth maintain, and what they'le borrow lend

Fal

Fals in with Cheaters, that can cog a Die,
And ſtill his open purſe lets money flye:
And thus he revels it, ſtill ſpending on,
As if he were in haſte to ſee all gone;
VVhich by his laviſh hand is brought to paſſe;
His conſorts cenſure him an idle aſſe:
A gull that ſuffered all men to deceive him,
And ſo unto the Counter-hole they leave him.

The Gull and domineering Conſtable.

HOld! who goes there? a friend ſir! bring a light
Where go you firra at this time of night?
Sir, I beſeech you give me leave, and I
Shall ſatisfie you ſtraight, I lodge hard by;
I have been forth at Supper with a friend,
Tell me of Supper? tut! a puddings end!
You'l kiſſe the Counter firra, that is flat;
I'le have you know my place deſerves a hat,
And't pleaſe your worſhip I confeſſe it doth,
But pardon me! my hand's not well forſooth:
You think all houres of the night are free,
No goodman rogue! for ſuch you ſeem to be.
Doſt think I ſit here to keep ſheep you knave?
O no! Sir, no, I do your pardon crave,
And ſir with reverend Magiſtrates I match
You worſhip, and the gentlemen your watch.

Well Sirra, ſince your duty doth appear,
I am content this time you ſhall go clear:
Depart in peace, and play no knaviſh pranks;
I give your worſhips all moſt humble thanks.

Angry too late.

DIce diving deep into a Ruffians purſe(leather,
Leaving it nothing worth but ſtrings and
He preſently did fall to ſwear and curſe,
That's life and money he would loſe together.
Took off his hat and ſwore let me but ſee,
What Rogue dare ſay this ſame is black, to me.
Another loſt and he did money lack,
And thus his fury in a heat revives:
Where is that rogue denyes his hat is black?
Ile fight with him had he ten thouſand lives.
Oh! Sir. quoth he, in troth you come to late,
Choller is paſt, my anger's out of date.

A wicked wife.

IN darkſome ſhade of melancholly night,
There did appear to one me a walking light,
Which put him in a fearfull fright to ſee,
At length unto hobgoblin thus ſpoke he:

If thou belong to God, and bear good mind,
Thou wilt not use me cruell nor unkinde,
Because no hurtfull things to him belong,
That will do us poor humane creatures wrong.
But if thou dost pertain unto the Devill,
Yet for his sake forbear to do me evill,
For I have married late, a lump of sin
Which is his sister, therefore pray, for kin
That is between the Devill and my wife;
Affright me not with fear of limbs or life:
Hast then quoth he? nay, then if it be so,
I will not urge thee unto further woe.
A wicked wife, crosse upon crosse begins,
Shee's plague enough to plague thee for thy sins.

A bragging Angler.

ONe that to Angle often did resort,
For well it seemd he loved the patient sport;
Meeting another did relate and show,
What store of fish he caught, as braggards do,
When passing by a May-pole he did say,
A Trowt I caught, as thick as that last day.
This was incredible thought by his friend;
His man must thereto confirmation lend:
Quoth he, because I will not tell you wrong;
I think twas scarce so thick, but twas as long.

Epigrams.

SOto can prove, ſuch as are drunk by noon,
Are long lived men, the Pox he can as ſoon:
Nay! hear this reaſon, e're you do condemn,
And if you finde it fooliſh hiſſe and hemme,
He ſayes good blood is even the life of man,
I grant him that (ſay you) well go to then:
More drink, more good: hold there for that's a lie;
The more you drink, the ſooner drunk, ſay I:
Now he proteſts you do him mighty wrong;
And ſwears a man in drink is three men ſtrong;
And he will pawn his head againſt a penny.
One right mad drunk will brawl & fight with any.
Well! you reply that argument is weak,
How can a drunkard brawle that cannot ſpeak?
Or how can he uſe weapon in his hand
Which cannot guide his feet to go or ſtand?
But hark what oaths the drunken ſlave can ſwear;
He is a man by that a man may hear,
And when you ſee him ſtagger, reel, and wink,
He is a man and more, I by this drink.

Like Prieſt like Pariſh.

AN honeſt Vicar, and a kinde conſort,
That to the Alehouſe friendly would reſort
To have a game at Tables now and then,
Or drink his pot, as ſoon as any man;
As fair a gameſter, and as free from brawle,
As any man ſhall need to play withall,
Becauſe his Hoſteſſe pledg'd him not carouſe;
Raſhly in choller did forſwear her houſe:
Taking the glaſſe, this was the oath he ſwore,
Now by this drink I'le ne're come hither more:
But mightily his Hoſteſſe did repent,
For all her gueſts to the next Ale-houſe went,
Following their Vicars ſteps in every thing,
He led the Pariſh even in a ſtring.
At length his ancient Hoſteſſe did complain,
She was undone unleſſe he came again:
Deſiring certain friends of hers and his
To uſe a policy, which ſhould be this; (him
Becauſe with cunning, he ſhould not forſwear
To ſave his Oath they on their backs might bear
Of this good courſe the Vicar well did think (him
And ſo they alwayes carried him to drink.

The Puritan Taylor.

A Tailor a man of upright dealing,
True but for lying, honeſt but for ſtealing,
Did fall one day extremly ſick by chance,
And on the ſudden was in wondrous trance.
The fiends of hell muſtring in fearfull manner,
Of ſundry coloured ſilk diſplay'd a Banner:
The man affrighted with this Apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great Preciſion,
He bought a Bible of the new tranſlation,
And in his life he ſhew'd great reformation.
He walked mannerly, and talked meekly,
He heard three Lectures and two ſermons weekly;
He vow'd to ſhun all companies unruly,
And in his ſpeech he us'd no oath but truly.
And zealouſly to keep the Sabbaths reſt,
His meat for that day over-night was dreſt,
And left the cuſtome which he had to ſteal
Should cauſe him ſometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journey-man a ſpeciall charge,
That if the ſtuff allowed fall out too large,
And that to filch his fingers were inclin'd,
He then ſhould put the Banner in his minde:
This done: I ſcarce can tell the reſt for laughter,
A Captain of a ſhip came three dayes after,

And brought two yards of Velvet & three quarters
To make him breeches down below the garters:
He that preciſely knew what was enough,
Soon ſlipt away three quarters of the ſtuff:
His man eſpying him, ſaid in deriſion,
Remember Maſter how you ſaw the Viſion;
Peace knave, quoth he, I did not ſee one ragge,
Of ſuch a coloured ſilk in all the Flagge.

The Mary-gold.

AS in the garden ſat my Love and I,
Under the ſhady trees where none might ſpye,
I courted her, ſhe roſe, and bluſhing ſaid,
What! was I born to live and die a Maid.
With that I pluckt a pretty Marigold;
Sweeting ſaid I, a riddle I'le unfold:
Theſe dewie leaves ſhut up when day is done;
Yet will they open when they ſee the ſun:
What mean you by this riddle Sir? ſaid ſhe:
I pray expound it; why, tis thus, quoth he,
Are not men made for Maids, and Maids for men?
With that ſhe chang'd her colour and grew wan.
Since that this riddle, you ſo well unfold,
Be you the Sun, I'le be the Mary-gold.

I cannot rule my ſelf, but where love pleaſe,
Am driven like a ſhip upon rough ſeas.
No one face likes me beſt, all faces move,
A hundred reaſons make me ever love:
If any eye me with a modeſt look
I bluſh, and by that modeſt glance am took;
And ſhe that's coy I like, for being no Clown
Me thinks ſhe would be nimble when ſhe's down;
Though her ſower looks a Sabins brow reſemble,
I think ſhe'l *do*, but deeply can diſſemble.
If ſhe be learn'd, then for her skill I crave her,
If not, becauſe ſhe's ſimple I would have her;
Trips ſhe, it likes me well; plods ſhe, what then?
She would be nimbler, lying with a man:
And when one ſweetly ſings, then ſtraight I long
To quaver on her lips, even in her ſong;
Or if one touch the *Lute* with art and cunning,
Who would not love thoſe hands for their ſwift running?
And her I like, that with a majeſty,
Folds up her arms, and makes low courtiſie:
If ſhe be tall, ſhe's like an Amazon,
And therefore fills the Bed ſhe lies upon:
If ſhort, ſhe lies the rounder; to ſay troth,
Both ſhort and long pleaſe me, for I love both.
I think what one undeck'd would be, being dreſt
In her attire, then ſhews her graces beſt:
A white Wench thralls me, ſo doth golden yellow;
And nut-brown Girls in *doing* have no fellow;

If

If her white neck be ſhadowed with black hair,
Why ſo was *Ledas*, yet was *Leda* fair:
Amber treſt is ſhe, then on the morn think I,
My Love alludes to every Hiſtory:
A young Wench pleaſeth, and an old is good,
This for her youth, that for her woman-hood.
To leave my ſelf, that am in love with all,
Some one of theſe, might make the chaſteſt fall.

On an old Bawd who wore drawers of black Taffaty.

THe Devils in't did ever Witch
In mourning cloath her wrinckl'd Britch,
Unleſs the Incubus were dead
That had her wither'd Mayden-head:
Why that part vail'd? the face left free,
That hath no leſs deformity?
A Pox on both, the reaſon's ſmelt,
She'd have one ſeen, the other felt.

The folly of ſingle Combats.

YOu fiery ſpirits of our Engliſh ſtage!
Think your diſcretion is your valours page
Or well ey'd reaſon doth your courage guide:
VVhen for meer toyes you brabble, quarrel, chide
Nay for juſt nothing, leſſer than a ſtraw,
You'le challenge to the field and weapons draw.
Tell me what reaſons more you can alledge,
Than that ſuch would not in the Tavern pledge
Your Ladies health? or elſe gave you the lie?
Therefore god damn you if he do not die;
And then ſend him the juſt length of your ſword,
And fight you will unleſſe he eat his word.
You challenge others 'cauſe they took the wall;
For ſuch ſmall buſineſſe you do often brawl:
To fight for trifles, and with private hand,
To right your ſelf, can this with juſtice ſtand?
But you a refuge have by manhoods law,
To ſave your credit your are forc'd to draw:
Men would you deem a dunghill cock, a cow,
Should you put up ſuch wrongs, therefore you vow
You'le dye a thouſand deaths, yea to hell go,
Rather than you will ſtain your honour ſo:
Why? you are challeng'd, & the world would think
Should you not meet him, that for fear you ſhrink
Hark!

lark! my wiſeman; what is the world? a fool
Never read leſſon in true wiſdoms ſchool:
And wiſemen ſurely ſee with better ſight:
'Tis *Bedlam* folly in this ſort to fight: (weare
Now take your choice; chooſe whether you will
The true Fools-coat, or have fools think you fear.

Epigrams.

O Hark, my Miſtreſs comes! where ſhall I hide me?
Her ratling ſilks prognoſticate ſhee'l chide me:
This durty dreaming whore where is ſhe miſſing?
That doth ſo well attend me whileſt I'me riſing?
No Cuſhion for my feet, nor Chair to ſit in;
Nor any Baſon ſet (forſooth) to ſpit in.
The Cat lay on my Stockins: do you cry?
Nay more you quean, my glaſſe ſtood all awry:
My ſhoes a yard aſunder, without ſtring;
My Gown as full of hairs as any thing:
Pox take your fingers are they grown ſo nice:
My Bodice, (truſt me) were as cold as Ice.
Whether run you Sir rogue? what are you blinde?
I'le pawn my life, my Munkey hath not din'd:
Come faith and troth, this Villain muſt be beaten,
This ſilly worm no bitt to day hath eaten.

O

O god! is this a life? judge (gentlemen)
A gentlewomans Monkey fait till ten?
With that unto the trembling Boy ſhe skips,
And ſets her ſignet ſeal upon his lips:
And alſo with her Maid ſhe dealt as kinde,
In beating her till ſhe was almoſt blinde.
Admire the riſing of this furious Charmer,
Her Father is ſo poor a Country Farmer,
That in my Conſcience 'twould content his mind,
To eat the ſcraps her Monkey leaves behind.
Farmer poor-man? I and with care obſerves,
To farm the Stables as occaſion ſerves.

Labour in vain.

A Suitor that a wealthy widow pli'd,
To grace out his bad fortune did provide
Upon his credit, for an outward ſhow,
That gallantly he might a woing go:
His ſuit, the Taylor truſted him withall,
For ſword, and ruſſet boots he in did fall
With Cutler, and the Gentle Craft: beſide,
He had a gallant gelding to beſtride,
That grac'd his worſhip above all the reſt,
Eſteem'd to be a twenty pounds worth beaſt:
Well, to the widow now we let him ride,
And wiſh him welcome home, what e're betide.

We

Well, being arrived at his wished port,
Most eloquently he begins to court;
And makes account by verbal termes to get
One to maintain him, and discharge his debt:
But she's a wench hath wit to hold him too't,
And overthrows her Lover horse and foot;
Telling him that her self and her estate,
Is not to be obtain'd with verbal prate
Of Love and Fancy by the gods decreed,
Therefore bestow it pray on some that need;
I have a friend, whose love and wealth I know:
You'r welcome Sir, there's all I can bestow.
With that she leaves him, and departs away:
Surely quoth he, this is no woing day,
Some scurvie planet is become my foe,
That at the first I should have this cross blow.
Well, I will try another widow yet,
And if no better comfort I do get;
In spite of Fortune (look she ne're so grim)
My horse I'le rifle, though I borrow'd him.
Fortune was constant in unconstancy,
The second widow gave him the deny
More scornfull, and disgracefull than the first,
Which made the woer swear he was accurst,
To venture all the credit that he had,
And be so bravely to the fashion clad;
Yet still rejected, being a proper man,
(Though good for nothing) did resolve him then

To

To have a rifling for his borrowed Beaſt,
And get ſome twenty pound by the hand at leaſt:
Retires to *London*, ſingles out an Inn,
Invites all his acquaintance, friends and kin,
That of all loves they would on ſuch a day
Be ſure to meet him without all delay:
He had a gelding coſt him fifty pound,
A braver Beaſt did never pace on ground,
And he ſhould ſpoile him, being too too free,
A moſt rank Rider (as moſt gallants be)
And therefore he was willing to forgo him,
And even amongſt their Fortunes to beſtow him,
The rifling time being come, that he had ſet,
His friends according to their promiſe met,
A great aſſembly, a good ſupper made,
And every one his venture mony paid,
To his content: thought he why here's good doing
Why this is better far than ſcurvey woing,
Be toild about a wife and cannot get her:
VVidows be hang'd, for I like horſe-fleſh better.
But ſee the miſchief fortunes ſpight did bring,
To make his rifling a meer trifling thing;
No ſooner they to throw the Dice begin,
But comes the Owner, with a Sergeant in,
And claims the Gelding which was at the ſtake,
That did amongſt them an amazement make!
For every man his money back did claim,
VVhich was returned with a cheating ſhame.

O ſcurvy world quoth he! how croſs things goes,
The next will be my Taylor for my cloaths;
My woing overthrown, my horſe-play marr'd,
As I'me a Gentleman this nips me hard.

Faſhion's out at Elbows.

TAylor, I take thy want of manners ill,
Doeſt come to ſupper to me with thy Bill?
Haſt thou no time, but come at candle-light?
Or doſt thou think I mean to vaniſh quite?
My choller tells thee th'art a botching Slave;
Thy Journey-man a very prick-louſe Knave:
My Sattin ſuit is moſt malignant made,
Go burn thy Bill and ſo reſolve th'art pay'd;
And *Cutter-out* think th'art a happy man,
That to eſcape my fury thus you can:
I can arreſt you for ſpoyling of my ſtuff,
And that one action ſhall not be enough,
I ſeveral have, at leaſt ſome nine or ten,
To teach ſuch Knaves how to wrong Gentlemen;
As making it according to th' French Nation,
When I would have it in the Engliſh faſhion:
Then bringing't home in *June*, and paſt your day,
When I ſhould had it ſeen at th' Court in *May*:
Then for two Lice, I will be ſworn I found
Upon my doublet coller, creeping round.

I'me loath to vent my anger on a Slave,
That ſeems ſo worthleſs, ſuch a wretched Knave;
'Twould gain me nought, if I your addle brains
Should lend a knock, might pay you for your
(pains:
Boy! take the Rogue and turn him out at door
Sirra, be gone! let's ſee your face no more.

The two Logger-heads

Why (*Will*) art thou my brother? give me th'hand,
Come let us bezel, drink while we can ſtand;
Let the Jacks groan, the Jugs be all confounded,
The flaggons cruſh'd, cans crack'd, bottles expoun-
(ded,
The black-pots pinch'd, bowls bang'd, cups cano-
The taps all fired, barrels anotamized. (nized,
Now noſes twang, guts grone, (*Will*) throw thy
(Cloak off,
Who'd dye infamous, never to be ſpoke of;
Shall's throw the houſe by th' heels out at the
(doores,
You! Hoſteſs! Bawd! come where be all your Whores!
O riſe not ſpleen! by th' Lord I am offended,
What? cannot dubbed drunkards be attended:
That's ſcurvey Ale, this ſweet, the other ſower,
I've drunk a barrell better within this houre:
Row-

Rowſe of thy tipple (*Will*) be not afraid;
They drink, they ſtink; hoſe, room and all 's be-
wraid.

Brotherly love.

A Stately gallant walking in the ſtreet,
One that did crave his charity did meet;
Good Sir (quoth he) ſome ſuccour pleaſe to grant,
To a poor man, in miſery and want:
Sirra! quoth he, there is four farthings, take them,
O quoth the beggar, all men now forſake them.
Kinde gentleman afford to your poor Brother,
Some ſilver piece will paſs one to another.
Brother? ſaith he, how came that nereneſs in?
I pray which way are we ſo nere a kin?
Sir, quoth the beggar, Brothers we may call,
'Cauſe *Adam* was the Father of us all.
Sure Brother beggar it is true ſaith he,
And this is all the hurt I wiſh to thee,
All *Adam*'s ſons that live beneath the Sun,
Would give their Brother but as I have done;
But then I fear the Proverb would prove right,
A beggar ſet on horſe-ne'e would light.

A Winters Frolick.

SIt round the fire, and fill the ſteeple bowle
With nut-brown Ale that can revive the ſoule:
Let bag-cheek'd *Boreas* blow from forth the Mountains,
And friezing *Hyems* lock up ſprings & fonntains;
What can their chilly outrages avail,
Whileſt we wear armour made of mighty Ale?

A defiance to Bacchus.

THou ever youthfull god of wine,
Whoſe burniſh'd cheeks with Rubies ſhine;
And brows with Ivie Chaplets bound,
We dare thee for to pledge this round:
Thy wanton Grapes we do deteſt.
Here's better juice from Barley preſt.
It is the quinteſſence of Malt
It makes thoſe caper that did halt,
It clears all debts, it cures all grief,
O! tis to Pris'ners pure relief:
It heals, it hurts, it cures, it kills:
Mens heads with Proclamations fills;
It makes ſome rich, and others poor;
It makes, and yet marrs many a ſcore.

Good

Good Advice.

A Gentleman being in his diet nice,
Sent for his Doctor to have his Advice;
And did desire him straight way out of hand,
To give his judgement, whether to sit or stand
To drink his mornings draught he held it best,
The Doctor repli'd to sit, *Probatum est*;
But what think'st (quoth he) then to his man,
Marry (saith he) stand Master while you can;
To sit in the After-noon 'tis best I think,
When you cann't stand, then you may sit & drink.

A rich Misers Son and a Begger-boy.

A Wealthy Misers Son, on the high way,
Met a poor youth in very great distress,
Who in this manner doth entreat and pray:
Help Sir (quoth he) one that is Fatherless,
Sirra saith he away be gone with speed,
Doest beg because thy Father's under ground,
I'le help none such, thou art a knaye indeed;
Wear it my case I'de give a hundred pound,
Nay, with good will I would give eight or nine,
That my old Father had excused thine.

Epigram.

ONe wiſh'd me to a wife, rich, fair and young;
That had the Spaniſh, French & Latine tongue
I thank'd him kindly, but I will none ſuch,
I think one language will be tongue too much,

Patience perforce.

HOw am I vexed that muſt keep in door,
Only for fear to pay a Tapſters ſcore;
A Slave that 's bound in Conſcience to forbear,
For I have grac'd his houſe in lying there:
But I have vow'd revenge, the Villain dies;
Onely my weapon at the Brokers lies,
And I do linger to redeem it thence;
Beere and Tobacco was my moſt expence;
A lowſy lodging and a ſcurvey diet,
And this is all that puts me out of quiet:
It goes againſt my Conſcience for to pay him,
I can ſhew reaſon why I do delay him.
My meat was alwayes over-roſt or raw,
My cannes were alwayes nick'd, againſt the Law:
My waſhing and my diet were both baſe,
And I count all worth nothing: here 's the caſe.

A Scoff for a Fairing.

A Fairing would you have; the next Fair-day
We will go both and ſee a Poppet play,
Or ſome ſtrange Monſter: Shall we ſee the man
That 's come from *France*, and *Italie*, that can
Play the beſt tricks that are in all the Fair?
Then for the Cloyſtures where the Pictures are;
The King and Queen, the Prince, and all the babies,
The paper Lords, and all the painted Ladies,
The men of Ginger bread, what art can do!
You ſhall ſee Canibals will eat them too,
Wee'l to the Horſe that dances, and ('tis ſaid)
Tells mony, and which female is a Maid,
This Beaſt is ſure an underſtanding Creature,
For he will ſnort you, by inſtinct of Nature:
Name but the Pope, or ſay, you muſt ride Poſt,
He ſtraight falls down as if his life were loſt;
Theſe are not half the knacks that we will ſee
If you will walk into the Fair with me,
We will ſee other ſights, and taſt ſuch things,
Are onely fit for Ladies, Queens or Kings.
What cannot I command? What can a thought
Be now ambitious of, but ſhall be bought?
But you are angry Miſtreſs, faith I meant,
To make a jeaſt or two in merriment:

For ſure you cannot think, or hope to gain
That gift from me, which you will entertain;
But if you'l have a fayring from me, then
Give one to me, I'le give it you again.

Chaſt Love.

I Had a Love that was exceeding chaſt,
But was ſhe ſo indeed? the mores the pity;
Who can imagine how my Love was chac'd?
Believe me ſhe was chac'd quite through the City.

The Lawyer and the Carter.

TWo Lawers riding chanc'd to overtake
A country carter, they intend to make
Of him their ſport, thus one begins to flowte;
I pray thee friend reſolve me of a doubt,
Well whats the buſines ſir? The Clown reply'd,
The Lawyer ſaith I would be ſatisfi'd
And underſtand of you the reaſon why
Your fore-horſe is ſo fat and fed ſo high?
And why ſo mett'e, why ſo free and plump?
When all the reſt their skin cleaves to their rump,
So ſhrunk and ſhrivell'd are their empty hides,
That one may pinch them through the very ſides.

And

And know you not the cauſe? my Maſters, I
Will ſtraight unfold to you the reaſon why,
The fore-horſe is a Lawyer fat and fair,
Thoſe his lean followers, his Clyents are.

A Rant.

POx take your Honour Madam d' you believe,
Becauſe you ſcorn me, I'me ſuch an aſs to
'Cauſe I have got a fooliſh trick to prate (grieve.
And call you handſome, muſt you put on ſtate?
Though ſometimes I rant higher, and compare
Your eyes to Stars, or Angels glorious, ſwear
You out ſhine the Sun in his diffuſive ray,
Zounds, do you believe all true that Poets ſay?
For I n'ere found ſuch ſweetneſs in a kiſs,
Nor in your ſmiles receiv'd ſo great a bliſs.
I never ſmelt thoſe perfumes, which the ayr (hair
Took from your breath, unleſs 'twas when your
Was powder'd, nor did in your cheeks 'ere ſee
A Roſe-bud ſpring, till planted there by me:
I have a Critick guſt, and can alow,
A counterfeited wrinckle in your brow,
So the deſign be to prepare delight,
Reliſh our joyes, and heighten appetite;
But if y' are proud in earneſt when I woe,
And once grow ſerious, faith I'le do ſo too:

Take

Take heed thoſe tricks don't bring you to that
(paſs,
That all ſhall ſcorn to court you, but your glaſs;
And then with tears you may your ſhadow tell,
That once you had a ſervant lov'd you well,
Till your own folly loſt him; if you'l then
Continue ſtill to be admir'd by men,
And ſhine as glorious as you did before,
From hence be wiſe, and anger me no more.

The Phyſitian and Farriar.

ONce a Phiſitian for a Farrier ſent,
To come and drench his horſe, the Farrier
(went;
Which having done, the Doctor bid him ſay
What would content him, proffers him to pay;
The Farrier with much modeſty refuſed;
Saith 'tis a cuſtome which I never uſed,
No Sir, I will not, 'tis unfit that we,
Who of one ſelf ſame Art profeſſors be,
Of one anothers money ſhould receive,
For every doſe of Phyſick that we give:
No, let it reſt Sir, though it be my due;
Another time I may make uſe of you.

The Cooper and his Wife.

A Cooper with a hoop in hand
His Wife doth ſoundly beat,
Saith, filthy Queen, what piſs your bed?
Her Goſſips they entreat,
That he to ſtrike her would forbear,
And pray'd him that alas,
He would not be ſo harſh for ſhe
The weaker veſſel was:
Therefore this pains, quoth he, I take,
Is for to make her ſtronger,
Beſides this hooping her, will make
Her hold her water longer.

The Caſe is alter'd.

How zay zirs now trow, how d'ye like the phraſe?
Are Plough-men ſimple fellows now adayes?
For they dare challenge thee to throw the ſledge,
To jump or leap, over a ditch or hedge,
To wraſtle, play at ſtool-ball, or to run,
To pitch a barre, or to ſhoot off a gun,
To play at pidgion-holes, or at nine-pins,
Or try it out at foot-ball by the ſhins;

At

At Tick-tack, Iriſh, Noddy, Maw and Ruff,
At Hot-cockles, Leap-frog, Blindman-buff,
To dance the Morris, play at Barley-break,
At all exployts, a man can think or ſpeak;
At Shove-groat, Venture-point; at Croſs or Pile,
Or a Box on the ear, that's laſt at the Stile,
At leaping o're a Midſummer-Bonefire,
Or at the drawing Dun out of the Mire;
At any of theſe or all theſe preſently,
Wagg but your finger, I am for you, I;
I ſcorn (that am a youngſter of our town)
To let a bawble Cockney pull me down.
This is a Gallant, farre beyond a Gull,
For very valour fills his pocket full;
Wit ſhowres upon him, wiſedom rains in plenty,
For hee'l be hang'd if any man find twenty
In all their Pariſh whatſoe're they be,
Can ſhew a head ſo politick as he:
It was his Fathers luck of late to dye
Inteſtate, he about the legacy e
To *London* came, enquiring all about,
Where to find a Civilian Lawyer out;
Being unto a Civill Lawyer ſent:
Pray Sir (quoth he) be you the man I meant,
That have a certain kind of occupation
Concerning Death, that leaves men out of faſhion,
Death hath done that which anſwer he's not able,
My Father he is dead, deteſtable:

being his eldeſt heire, he did prefer
Me (Sir) to be his executioner;
And very briefly my requeſt to finiſh,
Pray you may I, by Law his goods diminiſh?
Was this a Clown (tell true) or was he none?
You make fat Clownes, if ſuch as he be one;
O ſuch as he are even the only men,
Love-letters in a Milk-maids praiſe to pen,
Lines that will work the curſedſt, ſullen ſhrow
To love a man, whether ſhe will or no,
Being moſt wonderful pathetical,
To make *Ciſs* out of cry in love withall:
He ſcorns that Maſter School-maſter ſhould think
He wants his ayd in halfe a pinte of Ink,
And all he doth, it cometh every whit
From Natures dry-fat his own Motherwit.

The Countrey mans Complements.

THou honey ſuckle of the hauthorne hedge
Vouchſafe in Cupids cup my heart to pledge,
Say *Ziſs*, canſt love me? pray thee conſtant prove,
In Conſcience I am beaſtly deep in love;
Theſe frowns I ſwear, will make me to abhor thee,
Come if thoul'd have me, here's a Pinpurſe for thee.
Ah (Roſtmeat *Ciſs*) I'me ſure to me thy mariage
Will be as good or better than Plum porridge.

Sure

Swear thou art plaguie ſweet to him ſhall try thee
I know no butter milk will ere come nigh thee;
And further more *Ciſs*, come ſo neer to ſowce,
That I could almoſt eat her black brow mouſe;
And I 'mongſt youths have ever bore the bell,
Thou ſeeſt my heels be whole and all things well,
My head and beard (as ruſty Bacon) yellow,
Nay, I am ſure an admirable fellow:
I ſay no more, affairs call me away,
My Fathers Horſe for Provender doth ſtay;
Ciſſe laught and let afart, there love was ſhown,
And ran away; judge, is not ſhe his own.

Pinch-Gut.

A Citizen grown rich, becauſe penurious,
For ſervants dyet was not over-curious,
But Lights and Livers from the Butchers ſtall,
Hee's wont to buy and load his Maid withall;
Bids her make haſt, and put the Kettle on,
To boile the Lights, the Liver let alone
Till he comes home; the wench now out of ſight,
He tels the Butcher that he takes delight
To feed his Spaniels well, therefore he bought
So much at once; twas true the Butcher thought
So takes his leave, and homeward doth retyre,
And findes his ſervants hovering o're the fire,

Ca

Cals to the Maid and asks, is dinner dreſt.
No ſir, ſhe ſaith, well I intend to Feaſt
Your Guts quoth he; put on the Frying-pan,
And fry the *Liver*, make what ſpeed you can:
So forth he goes, and charges them in haſt;
Bids one of them ſo ſoon as dinner's paſt,
Into the fields (where he appoints) to come
And meet him: having ſaid, he goes from home.
Now they have din'd with broth, boil'd meat & fri'd
And ſwell'd their paunches with ſmal-beer beſide:
A weighty clog on's neck the fellow takes,
And crowching forward on his journey makes;
At place appoined, he his Maſter meets,
Who having ſpied him, thus his ſervant greets;
What means this weighty burden on your neck?
Oh ſir, tis my agility to check:
And ſure you needs muſt know that I long time
Have fed on Lights, which makes me ſo ſublime,
I'me nought but wind me thinks, nor ſhould I dare
Without this weight to come in open ayre,
And if no other food but Lights you'le finde me,
I am reſolv'd to leave this earth behinde me.

A witty choyce of a Country fellow.

A Rich Lord had a poor Clown to his gueſt,
And having ſumptuous fare, and coſtly dreſt;
Carv'd him a wing of a moſt dainty Bird;
Affirming ſeriouſly upon his word
Thoſe Birds were ſent him from his loving Cozen
And were well worth full ſixteen crowns a dozen.
He that for ſuch great dainties did not care,
Said, I like well your Lordſhips courſer fare:
For I can eat your Beef, Pig, Gooſe and Coney,
But of ſuch fare give me my ſhare in money.

Of a ſaucy Steward.

A Steward had of late ſome Wild-foule bought,
And when unto his Maſter them he brought;
Forthwith the Maſter ſmelling nigh the tail,
Said, out thou Knave, theſe Birds are filthy ſtail;
The man that was a rude and ſawcy lout,
What Sir, ſaid he ſmell you them thereabout?
Smell your fair Lady there and by your favour,
Your Noſe may there meet with as bad a ſavour.

A Rant.

SEarch from the Orient to the Occident,
To find ſome unknown place by accident;
Wring *Preſter John* by th' beard, draw *Cham* by th' (heels,
Ty ſuch as *Hector* to our Chariot wheels;
Piſh! what were theſe? now none are fam'd but (Drinkers;
Let's to a Tavern, be as drunk as Tinkers:
A noiſe of Fidlers, every man his Laſs,
Each Health a quart, no matter for a glaſs:
Rowſe out with ſuch a horrid thunder *Score*,
Makes *Erebus* amaz'd, the Welkin rore,
Fall-out, fight, ſwear, and after all theſe quarrels,
Suck out the very entrails of the barrels:
Then Sirra, Rogue, come tell us what's to pay?
Or ſet it up; wee'l call another day.

An Engliſh Canibal.

A Roaring Boy that liv'd of late in th' City,
Sate moneyleſs alone, and none did pity
The evil luck he had by candle light;
For he had loſt ten pound by eight at night.

So curſing Dice and Fortune for this wrong,
A ſawcy Fidler offers him a ſong:
A ſong! quoth he, Sirra, wilt ſell thy Boy?
I have a uſe for ſuch a kind of toy:
Why Sir, ſaid he, what will you put him to?
Eat him quoth he, that I intend to do;
Sad melancholy makes my ſences weary,
And that ſame Boy will make me inward merry:
The Fidler hearing this, down ſtairs he flies,
Quick Boy! quoth he, I fear one of us dies;
The Devils in him ſure, and he may fall
To eat us up alive, Fiddles and all;
Some greedy planet ſurely now doth ſtrike him,
He hath a hungry look, I do not like him:
Yet for his diet we are moſt unmeet,
Becauſe through fear there's neither of us ſweet.

Bragadocia.

I Scorn to meet an enemy in the field,
Except he be a Souldier; (by this light)
I likewiſe ſcorn my reaſon for to yield,
Yea further I do well nigh ſcorn to fight;
Moreover I do ſcorn to be ſo vain,
To draw my Rapier and put up again:
I eke do ſcorn to walk without my man,
I alſo ſcorn to touch an Ale-houſe can:

He ſcorneth all as he hath ſaid before,
Yet with his heart he loves a common Whore;
But yet he's counted for a skilful man,
For much experience he hath lately got,
Proving more phiſick in an Ale-houſe can,
Than may be found in any Vintners pot;
Beer he proteſts is ſodden and refin'd,
But this he ſpeaks being ſingle penny lin'd:
For when his purſe is ſwoll'n but ſixpence bigg,
Why then he ſwears, now by the Lord I think
All beer in Europe is not worth a figg,
A cup of Clarret is the only drink;
And thus his purſe from beer to wine doth go,
Even as his purſe with pence doth over-flow.

On a Juſtice's wife and a Papiſt.

A Popiſh Recuſant being confin'd
Uuto a Juſtice houſe, whoſe wife was great,
(Not great with child, but hugely great) with meat
At ſupper time began to grope his mind,
To *hoc eſt corpus* what ſay you, (ſhe ſaid)
Marry (quoth he) I ſay it is well fed.

One good turn for another.

THere was a man and he was *Semper idem*,
And to be brief he was *Mercator quidam*,
He had a wife was neither tall nor *Brevis*,
But in her carriage was accounted *Levis*;
He to content her gave her all things *Satis*,
She to requite, made him *Cornutus gratis*.

Comfort in Diſtreſs.

A Sort of Bumpkins lately did complain
Unto a Captain, that they did ſuſtain
Great loſs by Souldiers; with ruſull faces,
They pray him to compaſſionate their Caſes:
Good Sir quoth they, we pray redreſs our wrong,
For they that did it unto you belong;
Of all that e're we had we are bereſt,
Excepting our poor ſhirts, there's nothing left.
The Captain anſwers, fellows pray you here,
My Souldiers rob'd you not t'will plain appear;
For they that did it left your ſhirts you ſay,
And I am ſure mine carry all away:
By which I know an errour you are in,
Mine would have left you nothing but your skin.

Bankes's

Banks's *receit for the Tooth-ach.*

Banks for his tooth-ach hath a medicine got,
Neither to ſtop them nor to draw them out,
But a moſt rare receipt; (though ſomething hot)
To toſt his *Arce* untill the tooth drop out.

The Country-man's complaint.

A Country farmer lately did complain,
Unto his neighbour of his Son's abuſe,
(Quoth he) your Son hath with my Daughter lain
And of her body he hath made ſome uſe,
And now the Knave as true as here we live,
Will not at all unto his bargain ſtand,
Who promiſed her when he did earneſt give,
That he would marry her ſtraight out of hand,
Quoth th'other dry-boots, if the caſe be ſo,
And if the matter be but rightly ſcand,
She may his earneſt keep, neighbour you know,
If he unto his bargain will not ſtand.

On Ben Jhonſon *and a Country man.*

BEN *Johnſon* in a Tavern, once began,
Rudely to jere at a plain Country man;
And thus it was: Thou dull laborious moil,
That like an Aſs wert made for nought but toyl;
For every Acre of thy land, I have
Twenty of wit: Such Acres, Sir, are brave,
Replies the Country man; what great miſtakers
Have we been of your wealth, Mr. wiſe-Acres.

On C. Hill.

HILL lives by ſhifts yet ſwears by no ſmall oaths
For all his ſhifts, he cannot ſhift his cloaths.

On the ſame.

MOney thou ow'ſt me; pray thee fix a day
For payment, promiſe though thou never pay,
Let it be Dooms-day; nay, take longer ſcope,
Pay when th' art honeſt; let me have ſome hope.

Epigram.

DIck playes at Nine-holes, & 'tis known he gets
Many a teſter by his game and bets,
But of his gettings there's but little ſigne;
For one hole waſts more than he gets by nine.

Upon an Aſtrologer.

ABroad what's done the Stars to thee reveal,
At Home what thy wife doth, they all conceal.

The Miſtake.

TWo Country men who all the day had ſpent
In drinking hard, as home at night they went,
Under a ſign-poſt, as they chanc'd to paſs,
The one of them who throughly drunken was;
His leg (now lighter than his head) up high
Doth liſt, the other asks the reaſon why?
He pointing up, tells him he doth intend
Over the ſtile to go: Fool, quoth his friend,
It is a ſign, a Sign? quoth he, of what?
A ſign ſaith he, thou art a drunkem Sot.

A Biſhop jeer'd by an old Beggar.

A Poor blind man ſat begging by the way,
Who hearing that a Biſhop did paſs by,
The poor man loudly did his Lordſhip pray
For to relieve his great neceſſity:
Entreating him for Jeſus Chriſt his ſake
That he to him one half penny would give,
But he rode on and would no anſwer make,
Nor the poor man's neceſſities relieve:
Which when the poor man did perceive, he cries,
O good my Lord e're you do paſs away
One half penny my Lord will me ſuffice,
Or elſe my Lord, your bleſſing I you pray:
Which when the Biſhop heard, he turned back,
And bid the blind man preſently kneel down,
My bleſſing Son indeed you ſhall not lack,
So layes his holy hand upon his crown;
But the blind man in haſt roſe up, and ſaid,
I do believe my Lord, with all my heart,
That if of it a penny could be made,
Your Lordſhip with your bleſſing would not part;
For truth my Lord, as I do underſtand
One ſilver piece doth ever bleſs me more,
Than twenty bleſſings with an empty hand,
Which never yet would pay my Hoſtis ſcore.

On

On a Gentleman who was married to his Mistress upon the first Address.

O Rare exploit! no sooner woe but wed,
Bringing the rich spoils of a maiden-head:
Away *Extempore?* what Magick charms,
Brought her within the compass of thy arms?
Did *Venus* wrap thee in her smock I trow,
Or *Cupid* lend thee both his shaft and Bow:
I thought thou wouldst have gon the common rode
Of making legs, and cringing *ala mode*:
To gain a look, I thought 'twould cost a week;
A fortnight for her hand, a moneth her cheek:
Others can't go a woeing under less
Than half a dozen Taylors, and a mess
Of Perfum'd trades; all *London* must set out
Poets, and all to bring one match about:
But thou whilst Buzzards, and dull Kites do hover,
Doest fall upon thy prey; an Eagle lover. (chest,
Cowards draw lines, dig, creep, and work in tren-
Woing is sneaking, storming wins the Wenches;
William the Conquerour did thus they say,
Landed, fel on, and quickly won the day.

Of

Of Thales an Aſtrologer and the old woman.

Thales from home unto the fields is gone,
There to ſurvey the ſtarry region;
Whilſt this the bull, and that the bear he calls,
With careleſs ſtepps into a pit he falls:
An old wife thither which for water came,
Beholds him fall, & laughing at the ſame, (ſhakes,
With ſtammering voice and head that nodding
She looketh down, & ſcoffing thus beſpeakes, (ſure,
What mean'ſt thou fool the ſpangled sky to mea-
Inferior thoughts might do thee greater pleaſure,
And whilſt thou ſtudieſt others fates to ſhew,
What lyes before thine own feet doſt not know.

Out of faſhion.

A Thief had ſtolne a watch, and being Caught
Before the judge, is by the owner brought,
Where his examination being heard,
That he the ſame had ſtolne it playn appear'd:
The cruell plaintiffe nothing might aſſwage
Unleſs he hanged were: his envious rage
The Judge well noting, askes what mettall was
The Watch? the plaintiffe he replyes of braſſe:

Braſſe?

Braſſe? quoth the Judge, and is the valew ſuch?
The truth is I do not eſteem ſo much
The Watch, replies the plaintiff as the faſhion, (on.
Which hardly can be matcht throughout the nati-
The faſhion? quoth the Judge, pray don't miſtake,
To think that we hang men for faſhions ſake.

Hunger and Eaſe

HAng't let's be joviall! brave it whilſt we can
What's coyne ordained for but the uſe of man?
To borrow is a vertue, when to lend
Is to beget an everlaſting friend:
And may a man have more ſaid in his grace?
Than to be credited in every place.
Hee's not a gentleman I dare be bold
Whoſe Credite's not as currant as his gold:
A pipe here Sirra! no ſophiſticate!
Villaine the beſt, what ere you prize it at.
Tell yonder lady with the yellow fan,
I ſhall be proud to uſher her anon;
My coach ſtand's ready; Lord methink's I long,
To carve the inſide of a dryed neat's tongue.
Say Gallants, ſhall us never ſee the day
When we ſhall Fiſhſtreet once again ſurvey?
A butter'd Crab, or Lobſters leg to get?
O Venus! How a life I ſavour it!

When

When all is gone 'tis weakneſs to deſpair,
Are there not wealthy Widows every where?
Thus ſwaggers he, and vows that all he ſpends,
He getteth bravely by his fingers ends:
There's not a *Cheap-ſide* Mercer (if he look)
That will not ſwear to't deeply on his book;
Silkmen and Haberdaſhers, Tradeſmen all
Enamour'd on him, for his cuſtome call,
And he takes all of them, but wo to him
If he be taken but by one of them.

Newes.

TWo Country men at town did hap to meet,
The one unto the other doth repeat
This ſtrange and much admired newes, that he
A huge great wind on Friday laſt did ſee,
A wind? what was it like? quoth th'other Clown,
'Twas like, ſaith he, my houſe to have blown down.

A Remedy for Love.

THere was a Female Creature which I ſaw
How ſhe was fram'd to oppoſe great Natures Law
I could not chuſe but wonder; then my Muſe (
Cal'd fancy in, took liberty to uſe

He;

Her skil' to limb this Virgin: you may ſee
How both her beauty and her parts agree;
You might perceive, the haire upon her head
Was took on truſt, or purchas'd from the dead,
Her browes hung penthouſe like to ſave her face
From all misfortunes, furrow'd with a grace;
Her noſe ſo red as if it would rebel,
One part did ſhrink, the other part did ſwell,
The lower part turn'd up again with ſpleen,
To quiet all, there was a hill between;
Her eyes perceiv'd this beauty of her noſe,
Though they were ſunk; the waters thence aroſe
To cool her face, freſh remedy it ſeeks,
With running poſt it gutter'd all her cheeks:
Her pimpled cheeks made fruitfull by the Itch,
Deck'd o're with pearls, but were not half ſo rich;
Her breaſts were like two bottles made of leather,
Yet they were twins, for they ſtuck cloſe together,
She hath one fault, her mouth was too too narrow
Reach'd but from ear to ear juſt like a Sparrow;
Her lips were ſhrewdly bitten by the weather,
And ſo at odds they would not come together,
They ſwell'd with pride, then emulation roſe
Which firſt ſhould catch the droppings of her noſe,
The lower lip did alwayes cheat the other,
And quite forgot the upper was her Brother;
Her teeth being kind, did grieve ſo much that they
Fell in conſumption pining all away;

All

All mourn'd in black, each tooth did looſe his life
Dy'd by degrees and left them thus at ſtrife,
The Language that did ſteale out from her throat
Did jarre, and ſound juſt like a ravens note;
To ſee this damſell many there did throng,
Her breath did keep them off it ſmelt ſo ſtrong,
Her neck was ſable, and deceitfull too,
Bearing the head with very much adoe,
Her ſhoulders ſtill were conſtant at a pinch,
Her head above them could not creep an inch,
Her hands were wrinckled with ſo groſſe a graine,
You could not ſee the riſing of a veine,
And being colour'd of the ſaddeſt white,
Like mourning gloves, & yet ſwell'd up with ſpite:
Her fingers were too ſhort to tell a ſumme,
Nor could you know her fingers from her thumb,
Then looking on her back a bunch I ſpi'd;
That was moſt conſtant on the weakeſt ſide,
Twas broad and ridged yet not much in length,
Made fit for burdens, but ſhe wanted ſtrength,
Her hips did ſhrink aſide yet they with paſſion
Broke out cauſe fardingals were out of faſhion,
To all the reſt the buttocks were unkind;
They followed after, but a yard behind,
Her maſſy leggs ſeemd to be made of wood, (ſtood
Heere's one fault more the wrong ends downward
Her crooked feet with haſt were never mov'd,
Her heeles would ſtrike each other, yet they lov'd:

Her

Her temper is the loweſt in degrees;
Pray pardon my miſtake I've miſt her knees;
They did uphold each other in this ſight,
Like faithfull friends, yet they would often ſmite,
Her minde was wanton, but her face and ſhape
Would coole the luſting of the filthieſt ape,
A whore ſhe would have been, none did applaud
Her parts nor perſon, then ſhe'd turn a baud,
But that ſhe'd prove to be a common ſcoffe,
Or as a foyle to ſet her wenches off:
To ſhun temptation there's no need to mask her,
Shew but her face theres none alive will ask her,
Her fame was ſpread: to ſee this laſſe came ſtore,
But then her looks did fright them from the door:
The rayment on her back was very rich,
Or for her lands or coyne, (I know not which)
Suiters came in; the wealth they came to woe,
But none might hav't unleſs they have her too,
Then they left off their ſuit; ſtill till this time
She leads a ſingle life, being paſt her prime:
If I ſhould ſhew her wit how ſhe will vapour,
'Twould ſteal my time, beſides a ſheet of paper,
Her outſide now ſhall ſatisfie my rime,
Ile blaze her inſide at another time.

It is an ill wind blowes nobody good.

A Sleepy boy that well his eaſe did love,
His Father doth for ſluggiſhneſs reproove,
Tells him his eldeſt Brother had five pound,
Which ſome or other loſt, that morning found,
By early riſing this good luck he had,
When you're aſleep: Father, replied the lad,
If he that loſt his money had but ſlept
In bed as I, his money he had kept.

A fair Speech.

IN winter time the nights being ſharp and long,
I ſpi'd two ſhifters; but I held my tongue:
One was in thread-bare Scarlet wanting colour,
The other was in black; as he grew duller,
His robes turn'd gray with age: 'twas my intent
To mark their carriage; to a Stews they went,
The Baud was pocky ſick; yet ſpake this beaſt,
Ah! I am going to eternal reſt,
To ſee my Saviour, I muſt mind my Tomb;
Thoſe whom you ſeek, are in the drawing room,
Go take your choyce! when I am dead and rotten
I hope (my Sonnes) I ſhall not be forgotten:

My

My Gi les were free, you never knew that I
Diſgrac'd a man that left our company,
What comforts this to me? go, I am ill,
You ſtand on thorns untill you have your will.

Touch and Take.

THis Gentleman hath ſerved long in *France*,
And is returned filthy ful of French;
In ſingle combate being hurt by chance,
As he was cloſely foyling at a Wench:
Yet hot Alarms he hath endur'd good ſtore,
But never in like pockey heat before;
He had no ſooner drawn, and ventur'd nigh her,
(Intending onely for to have one bout)
Then ſhe his flask and touch-box ſet on fire,
And to this hour the burning is not out:
Judge! was not valour in this martial wight?
That with a ſpet-fire Serpent durſt to fight.

The Horſe-Courſer.

SIr Gall-Jade is a horſeman every day,
His Boots, and Spurs, and Legs do never part,
He rides a Horſe as paſſing clean away,
As any that goes *Tyburn*-ward by Cart;

Yet honeſtly he payes for hackney hire,
But hang them Jades he ſells them when they tire;
He lives not like *Diogenes* on roots,
But proves a mince-pye gueſt unto his hoſt;
He ſcorns to walk abroad without his boots;
And ſcores his diet on the Vitlers poſt:
And when he knows not where to have his dinner,
He faſts; and ſwears a glutton is a ſinner.

Epigram on Thraſo

Epigram on Thraſo.

Epigram on Thraſo

WHen *Thraſo* meets his friend he ſwears by God
Unto his Chamber he ſhall welcome be;
Not that hee'l cloy him there with roſt or ſod,
Such vulgar diet with Cooks ſhops agree:
But hee'l preſent, moſt kind, exceeding *Franck*,
With beſt Tobacco that he ever drank;
Such as himſelf did make a voyage for,
And with his own hand gather'd from the ground,
All that which othe s fetch he doth abhor;
His grew upon an Iſland never found:
O rare compound a dying horſe to choak,
Of Engliſh fire, and of Indian ſmoak.

Samuell Dawson is my name

A witty trick of a blind man.

AN old blind man, who'd long a beggar been,
Who many days had liv'd, yet none had ſeen,
Yet he the begging trade ſo good had found,
That he thereby had gotten many a pound;
Which as it did increaſe he chang'd to gold,
And ſow'd his patches full as they could hold;
But fear poſſeſſing of him, that he might
Be ro' bed of his gold; therefore one night
As he lay in his bed, this trick he found,
Which was to hide it ſomewhere in the ground,
And to which end he to a kinſman went,
And he did him acquaint with his intent;
Entreating him to be ſo much his friend,
As that he would his beſt aſſiſtance lend;
He promis'd him he would, then ſtraightway he,
Leads the old man cloſe by a hollow tree;
A place, which though the good old man was blind
At any time he might it eas'ly find:
They dig a hole, and put the treaſure in,
But e're that it had many dayes there been,
The old man for to ſatisfie his mind,
Went for to feel his gold, but none could find;
He thought his cozen then had plaid the knave,
Yet he with patience covers Mammon's grave.

He knew 'twas but a folly to complain,
But plot ſome way his gold for to regain:
He to his kinſman went, but never told
Him of his loſs; but ſaid he had more gold,
Which he deſired to hide, if that he might
But have him lead him to the place; at night
His kinſman promis'd he would do the ſame;
But he, before the appointed hour came,
Buries the gold again, and there doth leave it,
Hoping with more advantage to receive it;
But he was much deceiv'd of his intent,
For to his mind fell out a croſs event;
The hole being dugg, the old man got the gold,
Which when he each glorious piece had told,
Inſtead of putting more unto the reſt,
Said to his Cozen, I do think it beſt
For this ſame purſe a ſurer place to find,
I'me loath for to be couſen'd 'cauſe I'me blind;
Moſt glad am I that I my money have,
I'le ne're be couſen'd more by ſuch a knave,
You would have cheated me, it plain appears,
But now you cheating Rogue, go ſhake your ears.

A Diſſwaſion from Women.

AWay fond man, do not purſue,
A ſhadow that will follow you;

Women

Women lighter than a feather,
Got and loſt and all together:
For whoſe folly at the firſt,
Man and beaſt became accurſt:
Come away, let not your eyes
Gaze upon ſuch fopperies,
Nor thy noble Genius dwell,
Upon a ſubject known ſo well;
For amongſt them you will not find,
One in a thouſand fair and kind;
For their hearts and tongues agrees,
As we and the Antipodes:
Though ſhe ſeem to melt in paſſion,
'Tis old deceipt in the new faſhion;
What they either do or ſay,
Is meant the clean contrary way;
But ſhould I admit there be
A natural neceſſity,
Do not make your ſelf a ſlave
To that which they deſire to have,
Follow on thy ſports awhile,
Laugh, and kiſs, and play, and ſmile;
Yet as you love me truſt her not,
Leſt thou becom'ſt a —— I know what.

The properties of a faire Woman.

THoſe Ladies that do claim rich beauties prize,
Muſt be adorn'd with thirty properties;
Three white, three black, three of a ruddy hue,
Three long, 3 ſhort, (mark maids all this is true)
Three groſs, three great, three ſlender, & ſtrait three,
Three flat and wide, three narrow laſt muſt be:
White be her ſilken skin which each one ſeeth,
White her curl'd treſſes, white her Ivery teeth,
Black I do bluſh to name, Cupids warm neſt,
(Our Muſe is modeſt, you'l conceive the reſt)
Black thoſe two little worlds, her ſtar-like eyes,
Her ſable brow with them muſt ſimpathize;
Ruddy her nails and portals of her tongue,
Roſie her cheeks, with Lillies mixt among;
Long the whole ſtructure of her bodies frame,
Long dangling locks to over-ſhade the ſame,
Long her ſoft, Lilly hand, the which to kiſs,
The longing brain-ſick lover makes his bliſs;
Short her pearl-like teeth, ſhort be her prety feet,
And ſhort her ears adorn'd with jewels neat;
Broad breaſt, broad brow, broad beauties marble wall,
Broad buttocks will not need a Fardingal;
A ſtrait mouth, 'tis no praiſe to have it wide,
Strait that which Natures modeſty doth hide,

And

And ſtrait her little, prety, ſlender waſt,
(Few Wenches now adayes but are ſtrait lac'd)
A good bigg bum is good, and it doth well
If the hips riſe, and Natures ſecrets ſwell;
Small fingers, not too thick, yet a plump lip,
Thin twiſted curles, fit for *Cupid*'s whip;
Laſtly, a neat, and well-form'd little head,
A little noſe kiſſes ner'e hindered,
A little pretty pap, for if it ſwell
Wenches beware. I fear all is not well.
O Nature to theſe rules conform your mind,
For with theſe properties ſo few we find,
That he that ſeeks a wife with all theſe marks,
May hap to find her when the skie rains Larks.

True Drunkards.

Tom's no good-fellow, nor no honeſt man;
Hang him, he would not pledge *Ralph* half a (can;
But if a friend may ſpeak as he doth think,
Will is a right good-fellow, by this drink:
Oh *William*, *William*, th' art as kind a youth
As ever I was drunk with; that's the truth.
Fill him his beaker, he will never flinch
To give a full quart pot the empty pinch,
Hee'l look unto your water well enough;
And hath an eye that no man leaves a ſnuff;

A pox of piecemeal drinking! *William* ſayes;
Play it away, wee'l have no ſlops, nor ſtayes,
Blown drink is odious, what man can digeſt it?
No faithfull drunkard but he doth deteſt it:
I hate half this, out with it, and an end;
He is a Buzzard will not pledge his friend,
But ſits as if his drinks malt-ſack were clos'd,
With, here's t' you Sir againſt you are diſpos'd,
How ſay my friend, and may I be ſo bold;
Blowing one's beer like broth, to make it cold;
Keeping the full glaſs till it ſtand and ſour,
Drinking but after half a mile an hour:
Unworthy to make one, or gain a place,
Where boon companions gage the pots apace,
A man's a man, and there of all's an end,
Good fellowſhip was bred and born to ſpend,
No man e're ſaw a pound of ſorrow yet,
Could be allow'd to pay an ounce of debt:
We may be here to day, and gone to morrow,
Call me for ſix pots more! come on, hang ſorrow,
Tut, Lack another day! why 'tis all one,
When we are dead, then all the world is gone.
Begin to me good *Ned*, what? haſt gone right?
Is it the ſame that tickled me laſt night?
It nettled me, and did my brains inſpire;
I have forſworn your drinking ſmoke and fire,
Out upon cane, and leaf Tobacco ſmell!
Devills take home your drink, keep it in Hell!

Carouſe

Carouſe in Canon Trinidado ſmoak,
Drink healths to one another till you choak;
And let the Indians pledge you till they ſweat,
Give me the element that drowneth heat;
Strong ſodden water is a vertuous thing,
It makes one ſwear and ſwagger like a King,
And hath more hidden vertues than you think;
For I'le maintain good liquor's meat and drink,
Nay, i'le go further with you: For in troth,
It is as good as meat and drink and cloath,
For he that is in th'malt-mans hall inroll'd,
Cares not a pin for hunger nor for cold:
If he be cold he drinketh till he ſweat,
If he be hot he drinks t'allay the heat;
So that how e're he be, or cold or hot,
To precious uſe he doth apply the pot:
Oh, 'tis a very whetſtone to the brain,
A *March*-beer ſhower, that puts down *April* rain:
It makes a man active to leap, and ſpring,
To dance and vault, and to carouſe, and ſing,
For all exploits it doth a man enable,
T'out-leap mens heads, and caper o're the Table,
To burn Sack with a candle till he reels,
And then to trip up his companions heels;
Againſt all comers ready to maintain,
That deepeſt wit is in a drunken brain,
I marry is it; that it is he knowes it,
And by this drink, at all times hee'l depoſe it:

As

As for Nine Worthies on his Hoſteſs wall,
He knows three worthy Drunkards paſs them all;
The firſt of them in many a Tavern tri'd,
At laſt ſubdu'd by *aquavitæ*, dy'd:
The ſecond Worthy's date was brought to fine,
Feaſting with *Oyſters* and brave *Rheniſh wine*;
The third (whom truly I did love full dear)
Was kill'd with *Pickled herring* and *ſtrong beere*:
Well, happy is the man doth rightly know,
The vertue of three cups of *Charnico*
Being taken faſting: Th'onely cure for flegm,
It worketh wonders in the brain extream;
A pottle of wine at morning and at night,
Drunk with an apple, is applied right
To rince the Liver, and to purifie
A dead-ſick heart from all infirmity.

Epigram on Serverus.

Serverus is extream in eloquence,
In perfum'd words plung'd over head and ears,
He doth create rare phraſe, But rarer ſence,
Fragments of latin all about he bears:
Unto his Serving-man (alias his boy)
He utters ſpeech exceeding quaint and coy;
My diminutive, and my defective ſlave!
Reach my corps coverture immediately,

My

My pleaſures pleaſure is the ſame to have,
To ſconce my perſon from frgidity:
His man Believ'd all *Welch* his Maſter ſpoke,
Till he rail'd *Engliſh*, Rogue go fetch my Cloak.

Good wits may jump.

A Good wit brought unto a Book-ſeller
A manuſcript, that ſo he might prefer
His volume to the Preſs, to have it printed;
But e're they had upon a price indented,
The Stationer (whoſe profit was his aim)
Deſires the Author he would read the ſame,
The Writer having read ſome certain leaves,
Which the Stationer hearing, ſtraight conceives
Where he had read it, and begins to look
(As memory led him) in a printed book,
Layes it before the Author on the board,
And reads the Tranſcript to him word for word:
The Poet's puzled, he begins to pump
For an excuſe, and cries *Good wits may jump.*

On a Woman.

A Well built woman may compared be,
Unto a goodly Ship that's under sail;
Yet I'de have no wise man her owner be,
If she no laiding have but in her *Tail.*

Cherry-pit.

Lucia and I did lately sit
Playing for sport at Cherry-pit,
She threw, I cast; and having thrown,
I got the pit, she got the stone.

A Dream.

I Dream'd this mortal part of mine,
Was metamorphoz'd to a Vine;
Spreading his branches every way,
To enthrall my prety *Lucia*:
Me thought her Cedry Legs and Thighs,
I with my Tendrils did surprize;
Her Belly, Buttocks and her Waft,
By my soft Nera'lits were embrac'd:

Her

er curious parts I ſo did twine
ith the rich cluſters of my Vine,
hat my ſweet *Lucia* ſeem'd to me,
oung *Bacchus* raviſh'd by his Tree,
y curling Branches did ſo crall,
hat hands and arms they did inthrall;
o that ſhe lay and could not ſtir,
ut yield her ſelf my Priſoner;
ut when I crept with leaves to hide,
hoſe parts which Maids keep un-eſpi'd,
uch fleeting pleaſures there I took,
hat with the fancie I awoke;
nd found (Ah me!) this fleſh of mine,
ore like a Stock than like a Vine.

Upon Julia.

I Ask'd my *Julia* but a kiſs,
And ſhe with ſcorn deni'd me this,
hen think how ill ſhould I have ſpead,
ad I then ask'd her Maiden-head.

Two Painters Contending.

TWo Painters on a time at variance fell,
Which did the other in their Art excell;

And

And he which was the raiſer of this ſtrife
Plucks forth a curious picture of his wife,
Swearing if he that picture could ſurpaſs,
He of the two, the better Artiſt was:
The other (more learned in philoſophy)
Sayes, *All compares muſt amongſt equals be*;
Now then if this contention muſt have end,
You of neceſſity your wife muſt lend;
Then let me preſently her with me take,
And I her picture ſhall more lively make:
Let no ſuſpicion cauſe you to deny her,
I'le make it ſpeedily, and ſend it by her.
This done; the Artiſt cunningly did bid her
Before him ſtand, as when her husband did her;
Who ſpeedily his Pencill forth did pluck,
And cloſe himſelf unto his work betook;
So juſtly her he fitted every where, (neare
She ſwore her husband could not him come
No better Judge then can I have, or will;
Go home and tell thy husband of my skill!
At whoſe return the good man (fond to know)
Ask'd her the enſign of his Art to ſhow:
Quoth ſhe, this time the ground he onely laid,
It ſhall in time be perfected (he ſaid)
It chanc'd ſo, that in ſome ten moneths after,
She was deliver'd of a goodly daughter;
So like in all to th' Mother was this elf,
That none could be thought Mother but her ſelf,

Which

Which born, ſhe took, and to her man did ſend it,
Lo here's my picture! try if you can mend it.

A Country Lawyer and a City Dame.

A Country Lawyer that oft to *London* came,
Was thus reproved by a City Dame:
Sir, I much doubt in this your long abſence,
Your wife may want her due benevolence;
But he to quit himſelf of ſuch diſgrace,
Anſwer'd it thus: by putting of a caſe,
One owes a hundred pound, now tell me whether,
'Tis beſt to have ſuch payments altogether,
Or take it by a ſhilling, and a ſhilling,
Whereby the bagg may be the longer filling?
Sir, quoth the Dame I think it were no loſs,
If one receive ſuch payment all in groſs;
Yet in your abſence this may cauſe your ſorrow,
For fear, in want your wife ſhould 12^{d} borrow.

Maſter Scoff at all.

DEriſion hath an oare in every boat,
In's neighbours eye he quickly ſpies a mote,
It's meat and drink unto him alwayes, when
He may be cenſuring of other men:

If a man do but toward a Tavern look,
He is a Drunkard he'l ſwear on a book,
Or if one part a fray, of good intention,
He is a quarreler, and loves diſſention;
Such as ſpeak ſparely with wiſedoms leaſure,
Are fooles, that in affected ſpeech take pleaſure;
If he hears any that reproacheth vice,
He ſayes there's none but Hypocrites ſo nice;
No honeſt woman that can paſs along,
But muſt endure ſome ſcandal from his tongue,
She deals croſs blowes her husband never feels,
That Gentlewoman wearing capering heels,
There minces *Moll*, to ſee what youth will like her,
Her eyes do bear her witneſs ſhe's a ſtriker;
Yonder's a Wench new dipp'd; unto her praiſe,
She is a maid, as maids goes nowadayes;
Thus for to cenſure is his recreation,
In holding every one in deteſtation:
If any fall together by the ears,
To field cries he. why, Zounds to field he ſwears,
Shew your ſelves men! hey ſlaſh it out with blows,
Let one, make th' others guts garter his hoſe,
Make ſteel and iron umpires to the fray;
You ſhall have me go too, to ſee fair play:
Let me alone, for I will have a care,
To ſee that one do kill the other faire:
This is contempt, that's every one's diſdainer,
The ſtriſe purſuer, and the peace reſtrainer.

Epigram

Epigram.

Cornutus was exceeding ſick and ill,
Pain'd (as it ſeemed) chiefly in his head,
He call'd his friends, meaning to make his Will;
Who found him drunk with hoſe and ſhoos in bed,
To whom he ſaid: Oh good my maſters ſee!
Drink with his dart hath all beſtabbed me:
I here bequeath (if I do chance to dy)
To you kind friends, and boon-companions all,
A pound of good Tobacco, ſweet and dry,
To drink amongſt you at my Funerall;
Beſides a barrell of the beſt ſtrong beer,
And pickled Herrings for to domineer.

A Cheat.

A Caſhierd Reformado being drunk,
He reel'd about the ſtreets and met a Punck,
Who had her waiting-maid; he took them up,
In *Fetter-lain* together they muſt ſup;
Hee's charg'd with eighteen pence and then he ſelt
Into his Fob, but he muſt pawn his belt
To free his heels: Did that diſcharge his ſcore?
His ſword had gone too, but 'twas pawn'd before.

Hee'd to her lodging, but ſhe ſcorn'd to ſwive,
Under a crown with any man alive.

The Mountebank.

A Mountebank that travell'd up and down,
Did chance to come into *Southhampton* town,
Moſt gallantly attended with a Page;
And thus he ſpeaks being mounted on his Stage:
Gentlemen that approach about my Stall,
To moſt rare Phyſick I invite you all;
Come near and hearken what I have to ſell,
And deal with me all you that are not well:
In this ſame box I have ſuch precious ſtuff,
To give it praiſe I have not words enough:
Behold this Salve! I do not uſe to lye,
Whole Hoſpitals there hath been cured thereby;
I do not ſtand here like a tatter'd Slave,
My Velvet and my Cloth of Gold I have,
Which cannot be mantained by mens looks,
Friends! all your town is hardly worth my Books:
There ſtands my coach & horſes: (th'are my own)
From hence to *Venice* is my credit known:
Almoſt through Europe I have ſhown my Face,
And wonders have perform'd in every place.
Here is a wondrous water for the eye,
This for the ſtomach, (Maſters) will you buy?

See

See you the thing like Allom that lies there?
My tongue cannot expreſs to any ear
The ſundry vertues that it doth contain,
Or number half the worms that it hath ſlain;
If in your bellies there be crawlers bred,
In multitudes like hares upon your head,
Within ſome hours ſpace or thereabout,
At all the holes you have I'le fetch them out;
Indeed I cannot boaſt (as many will)
Let nothing ſpeak for me but only skill:
When I am gone, you'l then repent too late,
And then like fooles among your ſelves will prate,
Oh that we had that famous man again!
When I ſhall be imploy'd in *France* or *Spayn*;
Now for a Crown, you here a box may have,
That will the lives of half a dozen ſave.
My man is come, and (in my ear) he ſayes,
At home for me at leaſt a hundred ſtayes;
But Gentlemen, for your good you ſee,
I make them tarry and attend for Me.
If that you have no money let me know,
Phyſick of alms upon you I'le beſtow;
What Doctor in the world can offer more?
Such arrant Clowns I never ſaw before;
Here you do ſtand like Owls, and gaze on me,
But not one penny from you can I ſee:
A man ſhall come to do ſuch Dunces good,
And cannot have his meaning underſtood;

To talk to ſenceleſs people is in vain,
I'le ſee you hang'd e're I'le come heer again:
Be all diſeas'd as bad as horſes be,
And dy in ditches like to dogs for me;
Old wives Phyſick, *Parſley*, *Time*, and *Sage*,
Will ſerve ſuch Buzzards in this ſcurvey Age;
Gooſe-graſs and *Fennel* with a few *Dog-dates*,
Is exc'lent Phyſick for ſuch lowſie mates:
Farewell! ſome hempen haltar be your charm,
To ſtretch your necks, ſo long as is mine arm.

The Country Suitor to his Love.

FAir Maid, I cannot court thy ſpritely eyes,
With a Baſe-vial plac'd betwixt my Thighs;
I cannot complement, nor to a Fiddle ſing,
Nor run upon a high-ſtretch'd Minikin:
I am not faſhion'd for theſe amarous times,
To court a beauty with harmonious rimes;
I cannot whine in pining elegies,
Entombing *Cupid* with ſad obſequies;
I cannot daily, caper, dance, nor ſing,
Nor ſing, nor pleaſe my love in ſimple ſonneting;
I cannot kiſs thy hand, play with thy hair,
Swearing by *Jove* thou art exceeding fair;
I cannot croſs my arms and ſigh, Ah me!
I hate to think of ſuch a foppery,

Not

Not I by *Jove*! but ſhall I tell thee roundly,
Hark in thine ear, for I can jirk thee ſoundly.

A Signe of ill luck.

IN Summer ſeaſon which all pleaſure yields,
To hunt, I went abroad into the fileds;
Started a Hare, purſu'd her with full cry,
And had nigh wearied her, when by and by
Comes one, becauſe I hunted in his grounds
Lets looſe his running dogs, & bang'd my hounds;
From thence, that ſport I utterly forſwore,
Being ſo baſely croſs'd by ſuch a Bore:
So ſhunning open fields, and Forreſts wide,
My common hant was by the water ſide;
For what thought I, though lands incloſed be,
Yet Ponds and Rivers queſtionleſs are free;
I had not ſcarce caſt in my bate to take,
But one withall the haſt that he could make
Comes, bids me pack: When firſt he did appear,
Away went I, it was no fiſhing there;
Scarce knowing now what ſport to entertain,
Being baniſh'd both the earth and wat'ry Plain;
I took a Peece next time, and forth I went,
To ſport me in the Airy regiment,
Where having ſcarce diſcharg'd to kill a Daw,
Another comes and brings me ſtatute Law

Upon my Peece, where I it loſt, then ſwore,
I ne're would Hunt, nor Angle, nor Shoot more;
Then took I Dice in hand my heavie Fate,
Thus croſs'd in all, and loſt my whole Eſtate.

The Scotchman and his Lady.

A Scotch man in beginning of the year,
When ſcarce in Fields a Flower did appear,
Was walking out one morning all alone,
And chanc'd to ſpy a Primroſe fairly blown;
He was about to pluck it, and have brought
It to his Miſtreſs, but he him then bethought,
How much more acceptable would it be,
If whilſt it growing were, ſhe did it ſee?
I will go call her (ſure as here I ſtand)
And ſhe ſhall crop this flower with her fair hand;
But now within himſelf he is in doubt,
Leſt whilſt hee's gone, ſome one ſhould find it out:
But he hath found a trick to hinder that,
To keep it hid, covers it with his hat:
Mean while that he was gone, one that lay hid,
And had obſerv'd all that he ſaid and did,
Takes up the hat, and crops the Scotchmans Roſe,
And drops one that would ſooner reach the Noſe,
And covers't with the hat to keep it warm;
The Scotchman leading's Lady by the arm,

Reports

Reports to her the rareneſs of the flower,
And how he found it in a luckey hour:
I, but where is this dainty flower? ſaith ſhe,
You ſo much praiſe, I wiſh I could it ſee;
Here Lady fair, my bever doth it cover;
So taking up the hat, he doth diſcover
A gallant Roſe, which ſtill was ſmoaking hot,
Which was no ſooner ſeen but ſtraight the *Scot*
Did bluſh for ſhame, the Lady held her Noſe;
You jeering Rogue ſaid ſhe, is this the Roſe?
You ſo much prais'd? pox take you for a Sot,
Go eat it for your pains whilſt it is hot.

A Country Letter.

A Country man did write unto his friend
A Letter, which was in this manner penn'd;
My hearty love to you I do remember,
This preſent year and moneth of good *December*;
Hoping in God, and wiſhing with my heart
You may enjoy your health, as for my part
(The Lord be praiſed) I at preſent do,
At preſent writing of theſe lines to you:
Hereby I give you for to underſtand,
I am ſo ſick and weak I ſcarce can ſtand;
Remember me to ſuch a one and 's Wife,
And tell them I forgive them, all my life

The wrong that they have done to me; but yet,
If it pleaſe God my ſtrength again I get
By the next Terme, I ſure will plague the Knave,
Although it coſt me all the land I have;
Thus being in great haſt, I make an end,
And ceaſe to be your very loving friend.

The Drunken Politiques.

TWo that had been a drunk'ning up and down,
Came reeling in the dark through *Ratliff* town,
And to ſecure them from all ſtumbling harm,
Moſt lovingly they linked arm in arm:
But as they came along the Gravell Pit,
The one of them got ſuch a reeling fit,
That from his fellow down the bank he fell,
And lying on his back, cri'd, hey day *Nell!*
Why here's a Town is even govern'd right,
Keep open Sellar door this time a night?
Where art thou *Robbin?* to his fellow calling,
Who up the bank thorough the dirt was crawling;
Marry (quoth he) I knock and call for beere,
But there is never a Rogue will anſwer here;
Therefore as true as this good light doth ſhine,
I am a climing to pull down their ſign:
And I am ſearching all the Sellar here,
To find the taps and let out all the beere;

The

The Knaves ſhall know they have not us'd us well,
Why here's a Town well governd! hey day *Nell.*

In praiſe of Sack.

FEtch me *Ben Johnſon*'s skull and fill't with Sack,
Rich as the ſame he drank, when the whole (pack
Of jolly Siſters pledg'd, and did agree,
It was no ſinne to be as drunk as he;
If there be any weakneſs in the wine,
There's vertue in the cup to make't divine;
This muddy drench of Ale doth taſt too much
Of earth, the malt retains a ſcurvey touch
Of the dull Hinde that ſow'd it, and I fear
There's hereſie in Hops; give *Calvin* Beer,
And his preciſe Diſciples, ſuch as think
There's powder-Treaſon in all *Spaniſh* drink,
Call Sack an Idoll, we will kiſs the cup,
For fear the *Conventicle* be blown up
With Superſtition; away with Brew-houſe alms,
Whoſe beſt mirth is ſix ſhilling beere and Pſalms,
Let me rejoyce in ſprightly Sack, that can
Create a brain even in an empty pan.
Canary! it is thou that doſt inſpire,
And activate the Soul with heavenly fire;
Thou that ſublim'ſt the Genius, making wit
Scorne earth, and ſuch as love or live by it;

Thou

Thou mak'ſt us Lords of Regions large and fair,
Whilſt our conceits build Caſtles in the Aire:
Since fire, earth, aire, thus thy inferiours be,
Henceforth I'le know no element but thee:
Thou precious Elixar of all Grapes,
Welcome, by thee our Muſe begins her ſcapes;
I would not leave thee Sack, to be with *Jove*,
His Nectar is but fain'd, but I do prove
Thy more eſſential worth: I am (me thinks)
In the Exchequer now, hark how it chinks,
And do eſteem my venerable ſelf,
As brave a fellow, as if all that pelf
Were ſure mine own, and I have thought a way
Already how to ſpend it, I would pay
No debts, but fairly empty every Trunk,
And change the gold for Sack, to keep me drunk.

The Bauds Complaint.

ASk you the reaſon, why I ſit ſo mute?
Sons! I have alwayes had the good repute
Of honeſt Matron, and liv'd threeſcore years,
A good old age! I cannot ſpeak for tears;
And well I may bemoan my ſelf, my caſe
Is very bad, I cannot keep my place:
For Superviſors daily take away
My Wenches, and to *Bride-well* them convey:

Old

Old as I am, I hope to ſee the time,
When ſome of them ſhall ſuffer for the crime;
They that have actors been in this abuſe,
Are Sots, that would have pleaſure out of uſe;
If ſuch prevail, we that have pleas'd the Age,
Shall have reward in *Bride-well*, or the *Cage*:
How do my ſpirits boyl! to hear what trade
Is driven abroad; but ſtill no common Jade
Nor low-priz'd ware ſhall come within my doore,
She that will truck for *ſixpence* is a Whore.
I'me compa[n]y for *Gallants*, *Lords*, and *Knights*,
And pleaſe their humours, to encreaſe delights;
I furniſh them with *Laſſes*: Who dare ſay
I am a *Baud*, that deal with ſuch as *they*?
I fear no *Law* nor *Priſon*, now and then
I have been *there*, but I came out again:
The *Juſtice*, with the *Jury* and the *Clearks*,
Do know and favour me, the Velvet Sparks
Will plead my cauſe, or any thing they 'l do;
Run, ride, make friends, drop down a piece or two
To make my Cauſe run ſmooth; Why then ſhould I,
Fear, or forſake my trade untill I dye?
Then come my Cuſtomers! for I'le be free
Of what I have, while I'me at Liberty:
Remember this when I am dead and rotten!
And let not Mother *Bagnall* be forgotten.

A Quinburgian *Jury.*

TWelve men empanelld were (good men & true
Though of that rank there are but very few!)
To try twelve felons ſtandiug at the Bar,
Againſt whom twelve Indictments framed are:
Quoth one (and he the wiſeſt) let's return
Our verdict ſoon, or 'twill not ſerve the turn,
By trifling time we ſhall ſtay here all night,
And without meat, or drink, or candle-light;
And this my Maſters were a wofull caſe,
When we may go into a warmer place;
'Twere fit then we advis'd well what to do,
You are the wiſeſt, and our fore-man too;
Adviſe then (quoth this ſage tribe) if you do it,
What e're it be we will conſent unto it:
Hear then what's my opinion! twelve there are
Moſt odious *Benefactours* at the Bar;
Now friends and fellows (if 'twere put to me)
To hang them all were too much cruelty,
And to ſave all were too much clemency,
For people do expect that ſome ſhould dye;
This to prevent, and to come off more faire,
Juſtice doth bid us ſpill, and Mercy ſpare;
Which temper to obſerve, and leſt we wrong
Our own healths, Sirs, by ſtaying here to long,

Let's

Let's not preciſely call them one by one,
But hang ſix and ſave ſix and ſo be gone;
This judgement took ſo well as all agreed,
Six ſhould be hang'd, and all the other freed:
This ſtory is moſt true I can aſſure thee,
It was a ſage and wiſe *Quinburgian* Jury.

A Word in Seaſon.

A Gallant lodged in an Inne, whoſe hoſt
Was deaf, and heard no better than a Poſt,
With whom he divers times did uſe to jeſt;
But upon one time above all the reſt,
This Gentleman, ſome friends of his invited
To dine with him, in whom he much delighted,
And being ſet at Table, 'midſt their cheere,
As he is wont to do, begins to jeere
His Hoſt, and nodding to him makes a ſigne,
That he drank to him in a glaſs of wine;
Heer Hoſt unto your friends I hold it meet,
The Bauds, and Whores, and Pimps in *Turn-buſt-*
His Hoſt not underſtanding what he ſaid, *ſtreet*
Thanked him kindly, and low congie made,
And ſaid, good Sir I pray you for to think
On all your friends, and to them all to drink;
Namely your Father, and your good old Mother,
Your Siſters kind, alſo your loving Brother.

The

The Juſtice and his Man.

A Juſtice of the Peace in's Scarlet gown,
Was with ſome friends a riding out of Town;
Who ſpi'd a Crow as they rode on the way,
That ſitting on a Tree cri'd, *Ka, ka, ka,*
The wind being very high, the bough did wave;
Hark! ſaid the Juſtice that Crow would ſay knave,
She ſpeaks it ſure as plain as e're ſhe can;
I do believe ſhe ſpeaks unto my man:
I think not ſo Sir, did his man reply,
He ſpeaks it with ſo great civility;
To ſpeak to ſome of worſhip's her intent,
She bows ſo low, and ſeems to complement.

A willing Rape.

A Wench accus'd a fellow for a Rape,
And little hope there was that he ſhould ſcape,
They both were carried ſtraight before the Mayer,
Who ask'd the Fellow if he down did lay her?
Not I ſay'd he, ſhe was thereto moſt willing,
And for the ſame I gave her five good ſhilling:
Come what ſay you Wench unto this is ſaid?
It ſeems you are a Laſs lives by the trade:

Indeed

Indeed (my Lord) this young man did me force,
With crying out, I to this time am hoarce;
I ſtrove ſo long till I was out of wind,
Then with a ſtring he tied my hands behind;
My Legs too Sir, he would have tied
But that he could not, them I ſpread ſo wide.

Come too Late.

A Simple Clown who travelling had been,
And night being come he came into his Inne;
A Spaniſh gallant chancing to be there,
Did like the Bumpkins wife, for ſhe was fair:
And watching when they both to bed were gone,
Then confidently comes this gallant *Don*,
And putting off his cloaths, to Bed comes he,
And very boldly makes the number three:
The Clown lay ſtill, and durſt not ſpeak for's life,
At length he was ſo mov'd, he jogg'd his wife;
Pray wife entreat the Spaniard to be ſtill;
Quoth ſhe, in Spaniſh tongue I have no skill,
But Husband, I would have you riſe and go
Unto the *Parſon*, he doth Spaniſh know:
Faith ſo I will (quoth he) ſo up he roſe,
And ſneaking out, unto the *Parſon* goes.
But what they did the whilſt it is unknown,
E're he returned back the Spaniard's gone;

Which

Which when the Clown perceiv'd he fell to ſwear,
O Wife ſaid he, I would I had been here;
But tell me Wife, how long did the Knave ſtay?
So ſoon as you were gone he ran away.
Faith Wife I'me glad that I did fright him thus;
Let's take a nap for his diſturbing us,
You ſee I am a Polit tian (Wife)
For I by craft this night have ſav'd my life.

The Miſtake.

A Country man having a fair young Wife
Whom he did love as dearly as his life;
But ſhe (as other women uſe to do)
Beſides her Husband, lov'd a Friend or two;
And one day when her husband forth was gone,
She ſitting by the fire all alone,
An ancient friend of hers unto her came,
Who needs would have a bout at the Old Game:
She was not coy, but was thereto moſt willing,
And when this done, was with her mate a billing;
Then knocking at the doore they heard another,
Whom ſhe did love as dearly as the other;
O Lord cries ſhe, now we are quite undone,
My Husband knocks at door, where will you run
And hide your ſelf? where ſhall I go ſaith he?
Up to the Teaſter of the Bed quoth ſhe;

So

So up he got whilſt ſhe went to the doore,
Then ruſheth in her other *Paramour*,
And ſaith, ſweet Love, thy Husband I did meet,
As I was going thorough ſuch a ſtreet:
O Sir ſayes ſhe, I'me ſure he will not ſtay,
Forbear I pray, and come ſome other day;
Tut, tut quoth he, what need you ſo to doubt?
I will be gone when *I* have had a bout:
He would not be put off, though ſhe ſaid nay,
And ſo unto the ancient game go they;
Mean time her Husband knock'd at door indeed,
Then ſhe cri'd out, now to your ſel' take heed!
O dear, my Husband knocks! what will betide you?
Run quickly underneath the Bed and hide you:
He hides himſelf, ſhe ſtraight unlocks the door,
But he miſtruſting ſomething, ſaid, you VVhore
Who hath been here? and loudly he doth ball,
Not one ſhe ſwore, for he above knows all:
The man upon the Teaſter of the Bed
Thought ſhe meant him, ſo putting out his head,
She falſly lies quoth he, for he below,
Under the bed, as much as I doth know:
Down cometh one, the other creepeth out,
The Good man with a Cudgel laid labout,
But the two men and woman did agre
All in one tail, ſaying no hurt you ſee;
Wee'l be revenged of you for this wrong,
Therefore you'd beſt to hold your hands & tongue:

The man did take their counſell, but did ſay,
As you like this ſo come another day:

Epigram on a Dancer.

A Light heel'd Dancer having catch'd the Fox,
Was by the Officers clapp'd in the Stocks;
A merry wagg ſtood by that held a Taper,
Quoth he, here's half a crown Sir, for a Caper.

Angry Dick.

Dick with his Doggs in ſuch an outrage grew,
As which was next him he to hanging drew;
Who looking fearful fain would backward gather,
Nay, up thou go'ſt quoth *Dick*, & th'wert my Father.

The two Friends and the Bear.

TWo Friends there were that did their journey (take,
And by the way, one made a vow to th'other,
What ere befell they never would forſake,
But as ſworn Brothers, live and die together:
Thus wandering thorough Deſerts here and there,
By chance they met a great and ugly Bear:

A

At whom amazed with a deadly fear,
One leaves his friend and climbeth up the tree,
The other falls down flat before the Bear,
And keeps his breath; who seeming dead to be:
The Bear forsook him: for his nature's such,
A breath-less body never more to touch.
The beast departing and the danger past,
The dead arose, and kept along his way,
His fellow leaping from the tree at last,
Ask'd what the Bear in's ear did whispering say;
Quoth he, he bid me evermore take heed
Of such as thou, that fail'st in time of need.

On Marriage.

MArriage is like a Trap that's set for Flies,
Wherein the ensnared struggles till he dies.

The compleat Lyar.

ACompleat Gallant that had gone so far,
He with his hand from Skies had pluckd a star
And saw bright *Phœbus* when he did take Coach,
And *Luna* when her throne she did approach;
Yea, talk'd with *Jupiter* and *Mercurie*,
With *Vulcan* and the Queeen of Letchery;

And ſaw the Net the *Stump-foot black-ſmith* made,
Wherein ſtout *Mars* and *Venus* was betray'd:
Moreover he hath been at *Helicon*,
And rak'd from embers of *Oblivion*
Old *Saturn*'s downfall, and *Jove*'s royal riſing,
With thouſand fictions of his wits deviſing:
Moreover! in his Travels he hath ſeen,
The King of *Pigmies* and the *Fayry* Queen,
A *Satyr*, half a beaſt and half a man;
A two-neck'd *Eagle* and a cole-black *Swan*:
I counſel all that either hate or love him,
Rather believe him, than to go diſprove him.

Epigram on Dina.

Dina ſo ſoon began the wanton Trade;
She cann't remember that ſhe was a Maid.

Epigram on Battus.

Battus (though bound from drinking Wine of Can thus far with his oath equivocate: (late)
He Will not drink, and yet be drunk e're noon;
His manner is, to eat it with a ſpoon.

Epig.

Epigram on Doltus.

WHo dares say *Doltus* speaketh barbarism?
That Scholler-like can make a Sillogism;
For capping Verses most do him commend,
He hath his Grammer-rules at's fingers end;
Can write a Pistell to his Dad in Latin,
And one day hopes to wear a suit of Sattin;
Yea, make his Mother blest that e're she bore him,
For of his age, few yet have gone before him:
I mean for fulness of his limbs and bone,
At grass time next, full grown to twenty one.

Epigram on Betterice.

BEtt'rice debarr'd frō sport with one that lov'd her,
Was kept severely under bolt & lock:
Who notwithstanding when occasion mov'd her,
Crept forth at th'window, nightly in her Smock:
But from her Father forty weeks conceal'd it,
Untill the Bastard cri'd, and so reveal'd it.

Epigram on a lusty Lass.

A Lusty lass but loose, not worth the naming,
Went down the stairs, whereon she fear'd to stumble
And holding in her hand a candle flaming(
Was by a jolly Lad entic'd to jumble;
Who when at first he 'gan her roughly handle,
Away she cri'd! now fie how you abuse me;
And therewith vowing swore, now by this candle
I'le burn you Sir, if thus you strive to use me;
He blew the candle out to break her vow:
But she perform'd her oath; imagine how.

Epigram on Winifred.

WHy tempt you me quoth *Win*, with words unchast,
Or do you love to spend your breath in wast?
Alas good Sir, you are to me a stranger,
But that's all one, when you are free from danger;
I am perswaded though you are but young,
You have a subtill and enticing tongue,
Able to tempt a woman go astray,
Should she not have the grace to say you nay:
Nay pray forbear, my maid hears all your woings,
She knows I am not us'd unto such doings.

You

You talk of matters worth as much as nought,
But not a word what money you have brought;
Nor ever dream you at what charge we live,
That for our lodgings thus much weekly give:
Believ't Sir, as you are a Gentleman,
I took no handſell ſince the Terme began:
Then in a manner think your ſelf well ſped,
You purchaſe may my ſecond mayden head,
For though I ſay't, (I do not uſe to flout) (out.
Good Knights have ſued for't oft, yet gone with-
What's there? two ſhillings ſix pence? marry muff,
You think belike we are ſome common ſtuff:
I thought as much how frank you were before,
Do y' uſe to give your hackney jades no more?
Make you no difference 'twixt my maid and me?
Of every Serving-man ſo much gets ſhe.
Well Sir, is this the main you will disburſe,
Or have you no more money in your purſe?
The time I ſpend about this idle chat,
May loſe and hinder me I know not what:
Had I not thought you one of better proof,
You nere ſhould entred have within my roof:
If you intend to do, without more prate
A French Crown is my leſt and loweſt rate;
Which if you have not, you may leave ſome pawn
That may be worth it, nor will I be drawn
To take a farthing leſs: were't not to you,
I'de ſcorn for thrice as much, I tell you true;

Tut! ne're tell me you'l come and pay to morrow,
I oft have been ſo foold unto my ſorrow:
Nor talk of oathes, as promiſe once gone hence,
We love the *preſent* not the *future tence.*
You know my mind, there's now no more to ſay,
Do this, or here's the doore, and there's the way.

Epigram on Bettericе.

FAir *Bettrice* tucks her coats up ſomewhat high,
Her prety legg and foot 'cauſe men ſhould ſpy;
Sayes one, you have a handſome legg ſweet Duck,
I 've two quoth ſhe, or elſe I have had hard luck:
There's two indeed, I think they'r twins quoth he,
They are and are not honeſt friend, quoth ſhe,
Their birth was both at once I dare be ſworn.
But yet between them both a man was born.

Epigram on a Painter.

A Skilfull Painter ſuch rare Pictures drew,
That every man his workmanſhip admir'd,
So nere the life in beauty, form and hue,
As if dead Art 'gainſt Nature had conſpir'd.
Painter, ſayes one, thy wife's a prety woman,
I muſe ſuch ill ſhap'd children thou haſt got,

Yet

Yet mak'ſt ſuch pictures as their like makes no man,
I pray thee tell the cauſe of this thy lot?
Quoth he, I paint by day, when it is light,
And get my children in the dark, at night.

Epigram on a Ruſtick Swain.

A Ruſtick Swain was cleaving of a block,
And *bum* he cri'd at every ponderous knock;
His wife ſaid husband, wherefore *bum* you ſo?
Quoth he it makes the wedge in further go:
When day was done, and drowſie night was come,
Being both in Bed at play, ſhe bids him *bum*,
Good wife quoth he, entreat me *bum* no more,
For when I *bum'd* I clove, but now I bore.

On Lay-Elders.

ARe Elders (now) ſo vertuous in their wayes,
They were not found ſo in *Suſanna*'s dayes.

Epigram on Tom *and* Kate.

TOm ſwore to *Kate* he never more would woe her,
She wiſhd him hangd, when next he came unto her
But

But Loves great little god the man commanding,
That *Tom* muſt go unto her *notwithſtanding*:
Kate railed, brawled, ſcolded, curs'd and bann'd,
And againſt *Tom*'s *notwithſtanding* did *withſtand*:
At laſt the *notwithſtanding* had forſook,
And *Kate* affords her *Tom* a welcome look:
Thus *notwithſtanding* made the Warres encreaſe,
And *ſtif with ſtanding* made the friendly peace.

Epigram.

When Cavalero *Hot-ſhot* goes with Oares,
Zounds row ye Rogues, ye lazy Knaves make haſt;
A noiſe of Fidlers and a brace of Whores,
At *Lambeth* ſtayes for me to break their faſt.
He that's ſo hot for's Wench ere he comes nigh her;
Being at her once, I doubt hee'l be on fire.

Epigram.

FAlling aſleep, and ſleeping in a dream;
Down by the dale that flows with milk&cream
I ſaw a Rat upon an *Eſſex* Cheeſe,
Diſmounted by a Cambrian clad in frieze:
To bid his Worſhip eat I had no need,
For like a Serjeant he began to feed.

Epigram.

Epigram on Puff.

Lievetenant *Puff* from *Cleveland* is return'd,
Where ent'ring of a breach was ſorely burnd;
And from revenge hee'l never be perſwaded,
Till the *Low-Countries* he hath quite invaded:
When his hot wrath makes *Netherlands* to ſmoak,
Hee's bound for *Deep* in *France* with irefull ſtroke:
But have a care in theſe hot Warres of *France*,
Left in a Pockey heat you ſpoil your Lance.

A Humour.

O Such a Miſtreſs fain I would enjoy
That hangs the lip, and wantonly will toy;
Speaks like a wagg, and to me boldly ſtand,
And rear loves Standard with her hand;
Who in loves fight for one blow gives me three,
And being ſtabb'd falls ſtraight a kiſſing me:
For if ſhe wants the tricks of Venery,
Were't *Venus* ſelf, I could not love her I.
If ſhe be modeſt, fair, and chaſt of life
Hang her, ſhe's good for nothing but a wife.

On Conjugal Love.

EVen as the fertil iſſue of the year,
Is gazed at by *Nilus* flowing banks;
So much Conjugal love there will appear
By a wives portion, not her tender flanks.

The Country man and the Parſon.

A Country man who very ſick did lye,
And left to heaven he ſhould miſtake the way,
(Not knowing whether he ſhould live or dye)
He for the Parſon ſent, with him to pray;
Who came to him, and did ſuch comfort give,
Such holy counſell and ſuch good advice,
He told him he eternally ſhould live,
And Angels carry him to Paradiſe;
To whom the ſick man, ſimple, did reply,
Your words are mighty comfort, Sir, to me,
In that you ſay if I do chance to dy,
That I up unto heaven muſt carried be;
For I ſo ſick and weak am, that I fear,
Were I not carried I ſhould nere get there.

Caſe is altered.

TOm *Caſe* (ſome do report) was lately halter'd,
If this be true; why then the caſe is alter'd.

Epigram on Jones.

WHen unto *Jones* a book was brought to ſwear
He pray'd the Judg he would that labor ſpare
For there's no oath quoth he, that you can name,
But perfect I without-book have the ſame.

Every one in his humour.

EXperience out of obſervation ſayes,
Six ſorts of men do keep their faſting dayes;
Which you ſhall have here in their order ſhown,
And thus they are diſtinguiſh'd one by one:
The Rich man faſts, becauſe he cannot eat;
The Poor man faſts, becauſe he wanteth meat;
The Miſer faſts with greedy mind to ſpare;
The Glutton faſts to eat the greater ſhare;
The Hypocrite, becauſe he would ſeem holy;
The Righteous man, to purge away his folly:

But at all theſe the fooliſh, drunken ſot,
Whoſe mouth is ſeldome from the Pipe or Pot,
In jeering manner at them all doth laugh,
Quoth he, let me ſome drink have for to quaff,
And let them faſt together and be damn'd;
And let thoſe Cormorants whoſe guts are cram'd
With daily feaſting, bear them company:
And let the Devill them in collops fry.
As for my part I'le neither faſt nor feed,
Give me good liquor and the Indian weed;
And with theſe two a ſolemn faſt I'le keep,
Till I am drunk, and then I'le go to ſleep.

Brawling contention.

TWo railing Creatures fell at ſtrife
And ſuch a clamour made,
That people paſſing by ſtood ſtill,
To hearken what they ſaid:
Amongſt the reſt a woman comes
Demanding of the rout,
I pray (quoth ſhe) what is the cauſe
Of all this falling out;
One preſently made anſwer thus;
You are a Whore (quoth he)
Thou art an arrant ſcurvey Knave,
And Raſcall, Rogue, ſaid ſhe

Why

Why thus (quoth he) theſe two fell out,
The quarrel that they have,
Began at firſt as we do now
With calling Whore and Knave.

On unequal Marriage.

EXperience in every City cries
He that doth take his maid unto his bed,
Repentance at too dear a rate he byes;
For why his foot will ſoon become his head.

On Dick *and* Jone.

WHo ſayes that *Dick* and *Jone* at diſcord be,
Th' obſerving Neighbors know they well agree:
Indeed, poor *Dick* repents he married ever,
But this his *Jone* doth too: and *Dick* would never
By his free will, be in *Jones* company;
No more would *Jone* he ſhould: *Dick* riſeth early
And having got him out of doores is glad,
The like is *Jone*: but turning home is ſad,
And ſo is *Jone*. Oft times when *Dick* doth find
Harſh ſights at home, *Dick* wiſheth he were blind,
All this doth *Jone*: Or that his long yarn'd life
Were quite out-ſpun. The like wiſh hath his wife.

The

The children that he keeps, *Dick* ſwears are none
Of his begetting, and ſo ſwears his *Jone.*
In all affections ſhe concurreth ſtill,
If now with man and wife to *will* and *nill*
The ſelf ſame things, a note of concord be;
I know no couple better can agree.

A Meſs of Nonſence.

VPon a dark, light, gloomy, Sun-ſhine day;
As I in *Auguſt* went to gather *May,*
It was at noon, nere ten a clock at night,
The Sun being ſet did ſhine exceeding bright;
Then ſhutting of my eyes, I ſaw him mount
Five hundred fathams deep, by juſt account.
When as a Woodcock did a Phenix hatch,
A Spiders webb an Elephant did catch:
Do what you can *Madge Howlet* is an Owl,
And Beans well butter'd is a dainty fowl:
For as the Gout is but a pleaſing Itch;
The beſt Bear-garden Bull-Dogg is a Bitch:
Tis not ſo farre to *Hogsdon* as to *Greece,*
Where long ſilk laces are but pence a peece:
Paul's ſteeple rides a horſe back through *Cheapſide;*
And with him takes a Net to ſtop the Tide;
Tut what is this, I take it for no wonder;
No more than ſnow in *June,* or *Chriſtmas* thunder;

It very common is where I was born,
To ſee a horſe to reap a field of corn:
No more of this, it is but idle chat;
Tom Thumb muſt fight a cumbate with *Jack Sprat*:
But ſince that *Wilſon*'s Mare hath broke her crupper
Dreſs me a diſh of æ dipthongs to ſupper,
When bold *Phayton* rul'd the flaming Sun,
And ere his fiery Steeds their courſe had run;
The North wind blew a ſtrong South-Weſtern gale,
And fill'd with mighty force a Cabbage ſale,
But hearing of the Drums loud martial ſound,
The King of *Pigmies* at that time was crown'd:
Beſides all this, as I did hear ſome ſay,
Nell Shanks was crowned Lady of the *May*.
Six times the Sun hath run his annual courſe,
Since *Dick* took *Dol* for better or for worſe;
But all the news is now about the City,
A Fool that's rich, is like a woman witty;
Neither, of what they have knows the right uſe,
For he that throws tray-ace doth miſs a duce.
Hungarian Peacocks white as crimſon geeſe,
For Hocus Pocus ſhow is pence a piece,
Tuſh tell not me, theſe things are paſt diſpute;
Hobnails and Thiſtles, both are dainty fruit:
But for to eat me thinks I greatly long,
A butter'd Hacock or a Lobſters tongue,
Yet if I am not very much miſtaken,
There's nothing like unto a Baud and bacon.

'Tis almoſt paſt the memory of man,
Since famous *Arthur* firſt in Court began;
Blind men may ſee, and deaf men all ſhall hear
How dumb men talk becauſe Cow-hides are dear:
The Dean of *Dunſtable* hath bought and ſold
Twelve lies new printed, for two groats in gold;
But lately there's come forth a gallant ſtory,
Of wars betwixt *Achilles* and *John Dory:*
'Twas Dedicated to the Iſle of *Lundi*,
An embleme right, of *Tranſit gloria mundi*:
What can be done more, what more can be ſaid,
Let's play at Blind-man-buff for Ginger-bread.
But it appears moſt plainly from the Text,
They that die this year ſhall not die the next;
It is becauſe the Moon is moiſt and cold,
They that die when they'r young ſhall nere be old:
But he's no Heretick that's of opinion,
That roſted mutton's good meat with an onion;
But of this maxim you may make no doubt,
Thoſe that in *Newgate* are would fain be out;
If *Mars* and *Taurus* in conjunction meet,
The Moon may hap to ſhine in *Watling ſtreet*:
But who can make this ſenſe I cannot tell,
Unleſs it ſhould be *Jack* of *Clarken-well.*

On the Houſes that were burn'd in Fleet ſtreet.

AS Gold is better that's in fire tri'd,
So are thoſe Houſes which ſo late were burn'd;
Whereas before they had an old outſide,
Th'are now unto a ſtately building turn'd:
Then ſure I think by fire they had no loſs,
Since they are but refin'd from duſt and droſs.

A Cut-purſe and Country Laſs.

A Cut-purſe walking in a Market Town,
As for his prey he looked up and down;
He ſpies at laſt, a fine, neat, Country Laſs,
And cuts her purſe as ſhe by him did paſs;
She ſpi'd, and caught him, and began to rave,
And call'd him Rogue & Thief, & Cut purſe Knave;
Gip with the pox, the Cut-purſe then repli'd,
You are ſo fine, you can no jeaſting bide;
I have jeaſted more with forty honeſt men,
Here with a murrain, take your purſe again.

A Fancy.

ASk now your ſelf what e're was your deſire,
Which with long cuſtom did not tedius grow,
Though you at firſt perhaps were all on fire,
For thoſe ſtrange things which are inſhades below.

Siſterly Love.

I Came unto a Puritan to wo her,
And boldly her ſaluted with a kiſs;
Away quoth ſhe, and rudely thruſt me from her,
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this:
And as with amorous talk I her ſaluted,
My careleſs ſpeech with Scripture ſhe confuted:
I oft frequented her abode by night,
And courted her, and ſpake her wonderous fare;
But alwayes ſomething did offend her ſight,
Either my ſlanting band or my long hair,
My hoſe too wide, my garters hung to low,
My Spaniſh ſhoes was cut too broad at toe:
I parted for a while and came again,
Seemed to be reform'd in ſhape and ſpeech;
My ſhooes were narrow to'd, my band was plain,
Cloſe to my Thighs my metamorphos'd breech:
So

So comming to her Houſe, I entred in,
Peace to this House quoth I, and all within.
I ſpeak divinely to her called Siſter,
And by this means we were acquainted well;
By yea, and nay I will quoth I, and kiſt her:
Fie, fie, quoth ſhe, you long tongu'd men will tell:
I ſeem'd to be as ſecret as the night,
And ſwore fore *George*, I would put out the light;
O doe not ſwear ſaid ſhe, yet put it out;
Becauſe I would not have you break your Oath.
I felt a Bed there as I grop'd about;
'Fore *George* quoth I, here will we reſt us both,
Swear you again ſaid ſhe. had you not ſworn,
I had not don't but taken't in great ſcorn.

Jades let to hyre.

BLack damme *Jack*, bold *Dick*, and high-way *Ned*,
(They were no ſcoundrels, they were better bred)
Came to a houſe of fame, they would have bought
They knew not what, when they their monyſought
The *Indies* had it, for their climates cold,
They could no ſilver keep, nor harbour gold:
No entertainment there; ſo they were fain,
To loſe their labour, and go back again.
But ſhortly after, having money ſtore,

They came again(he firſt would chooſe his whore
Whoſe purſe was fulleſt)then they cald the Bawd,
And rouſe the Pander up; both being aw'd.
When they had ſhown them gold; we've mony now
Come bring your *Jades*, you cannot but allow
Us here to drive the price; lets ſee your ware
Quoth *Jack*, for damme, I never much care,
If ware be freſh and good, what rates I give:
I am no fool, hang't, every trade muſt live.
Give me a Jade unrid, that's plump and fat,
With dainty colour'd hair, for I like that:
Give me a lively Jade (quoth *Dick* that's ſtrong,
For ſhee'l perform a journey though't be long;
Quick-ſighted, nimble, with a tender flank,
Not of the higheſt nor the lower rank:
Bring me ſaith *Ned*, one wild with wanton rage,
Her grinders white, her mouth muſt ſhow her age;
A little head, her hair I'le have her own,
With rowling eyes, her face not common known,
Well hipp'd, round buttock'd, with a good ſtrong (dock,
Her fore feet ſmall, with a curious featerd lock
Upon her feet behind, ſhe muſt not fail
(To grace the reſt) to have a beſom tail;
Set not too high a price, ſay what you'l have,
I'le give it frely; this 's the Jade I crave:
The Baud commands her Pander to bring out
Her pamper'd Colts, that they may trot about,

Now

Now here they come, and one among the reſt,
Being young and handſome; on this prety Beaſt
Jack Damme ſets his mind, he does enquire,
What for a journey he muſt pay for hire;
The Baud replies, I ſwear ſhe is not crack'd,
She's onely skittiſh, having ne'e been back'd;
Sh' hath no defect, ten pound to me is due,
But yet I'le have but half ſo much of you,
In hope you'l uſe her well, pray lay her ſoft,
She will not fail you, if you walk her oft;
Pray let me try her, for I never durſt
Give ſo much coyn before I tri'd her firſt;
She may be broken-winded, blind, or lame,
(*Trub* turn about; ſpeak, is not that her name)
If ſhe ſhold faulty prove, my money 's loſt,
My time ill ſpent, I in my journey croſt:
Three pound 's enough, I'le give you half in hand,
If ſhe perform the buſineſs, then command
The reſt at my return: My journey 's ſhort,
I'le drill her on, the travail is but ſport.
Come I'le not ſtand with you, you are my friend,
And Cuſtomer, pay, take her, there's an end;
Then *Dicing Dick* makes choice, he cannot find
(In every part) one ſuiting to his mind,
At laſt he ſpi'd a neat one, fair in ſhow,
She had no fault, but that ſhe was too low;
Pray Miſtreſs Baud (ſaid he) what is your price,
In faith (ſaid ſhe) ſhe hath been back'd but twice;

She's every way compleat, upon my word:
As ſure as all the country can afford;
Three pounds the rate you muſt give for her hire,
I'le pawn my life that ſhe ſhall never tire.
Now ruſtick *Ned* at laſt he views, to ſee
Among the Jades, if any left there be
That he can fancy; one he quickly caught
To know her age, and then he ſpies a fault,
Her mark was out; then he began to doat
On one who had a ratling in the Throat,
He did not like; again he turn'd his eye
Upon another, but he did deſcry
Her Hip was fallen, with a rotten Rump,
Her Tail quite ſpoil'd left nothing but a ſtump;
Another had the Glanders, ſome the Faſhons,
All were defective; then broke forth his paſſions
Againſt the Baud: you do me much abuſe,
Muſt I take traſh which other men refuſe?
Surely you take me for a ſimple Gull,
Or elſe you think my pockets are not full
To pay your fee; Pox take you bring a Jade,
And if I like her we ſhall quickly trade:
Faith quoth the Baud, I have but three in all
And two of them not able to work at all;
One hath a Timpany, ſhe's ſwell'd with fat,
The other lately hath been over h'at
Which makes her ill, the third indeed is ſtrong;
As true as ſteel, being active, ſound and young;

Her

Her colour will not change, she's perfect black;
I'le take my oath she's mettle to the back;
Four pound's the rate to you, you are my Guest;
Though you chose last, in troth you have the best.
Here's a *Jacobus*, with all faults I'le take her,
Shee'l perform the task, or else I'le make her.
The mettl'd Beast, as black as any Coal,
Doth falter first, for she is prov'd with Foal;
Tibs greace is melted and the Farrier must
Shew all his Art, they leave her to his trust;
The young one too is founder'd in the belly,
And all her blood is settled to a jelly; win,
Jack swears, *Ned*'s mad, nor doth the gamesters
They 'r fain to leave these cattle in the Inne:
But taking fresh ones, they again set forth (North
And steer'd their course point-blanke unto the
With furious speed, their way they cannot miss,
'Tis Hells broad way; they may be there by this,
If they return not: they have natures Sun
To give them light, farewell, the market's done.

The praise and vertue of Tobacco.

WHo dare dispraise Tobacco
While smoak is at my nose,
Or say but fough, your Pipe doth smell;
I would I knew but those

Durst

Durſt offer ſuch indignity
To that which I prefer;
For all the brood of Blackamores
Will ſwear I do not erre.
In taking this moſt worthy whiff,
What valiant Cavaleer,
That will not make his noſtrils ſmoak
At cups of Wine or Beer;
When as my purſe cannot afford
My ſtomack fleſh or Fiſh,
I Sup with ſmoak, and feed as fat
As any heart can wiſh:
Go into any company,
Though not one croſs you have,
Yet offer them Tobacco free,
Their liquor you ſhall have:
Much victuals ſerves for gluttoney,
To fat men up like Swine;
But hee's a temperate man indeed
That with a leaf can dine:
He needs no Napkin for his hands,
His Fingers ends to wipe;
He keeps his Kitchen in a box,
His roſt meat in a pipe:
Beſides, 'tis rarely Phyſical,
A corpulent fat man
Shall in one year be ſhrunk ſo ſmall,
That one his waſt may ſpan;

'Tis

'Tis full of Physical rare effects,
That worketh sundry wayes.
The Leaf either green or dri'd,
Hath each its special praise:
It will you from consumptions keep,
'Tis rare against a cold,
To some it's vertues, in a word,
'Tis good for young and old:
All the four Elements unite
When you Tobacco take,
As Earth, Fire, Air and Water,
Do a conjunction make;
The Earth's your pipe, the Fire therein,
The Air your breathing smoak,
Good Liquor must be present too
For fear you chance to choak:
Thus Gentlemen here's to you all,
'Tis passing good and strong,
I would say more, but from my pipe
I cannot stay so long.

On two Friends.

ONe being with his Friend, in meriment
Did seek occasion by some trick to flout him;
Spying his Dogg that to sirreverence went,
Ask'd if he had not Pen and Ink about him;

Yes

Yes. ſaid his friend, & wherefore make you doubt,
To write quoth he, what 'tis my dogg layes out.

Epigram on Jack.

Jack for his wives ſake much Tobacco ſells,
That muſt aſſiſt him daily in his ſhop:
And occupy her ſelf in nothing elſe,
But pipes for Gentlemen to fill and ſtop;
Which ſhe neglects not whiles the day gives light,
And burns them as occaſion ſerves at night.

A Simily on a fine Whore

A Whore is like a Squirrel, that doth vail,
And cover all her body with her tail.

Py-Corner *Law.*

TWo woers for a Wench were at great ſtrife,
Which ſhould enjoy her for his weded wife;
Quoth th'one ſhe's mine becauſe her firſt I ſaw,
She mine ſayes th' other by *Py-Corner* Law;
Where ſticking of a Prick in what you buy,
'Tis then your own, which no man can deny.

Tom

Tom Tinker.

A Swarthy Tinker, crying work for *Tom*,
To a lone house (half drunk) he comes anon,
Being come, in he straight began to play
With *Hobs* young wife; who cri'd fie *Tom* away,
My husband is hard by, hee'l come I fear,
And then what will he say if you be here;
The Tinker still persisting in his suit,
Swore that he came to stop, and he would do't;
But yet (quoth she) you Tinkers undertake
To stop one whole, whilst sometimes two you make;
Of me (quoth he) pray harbour no such thought,
For if I should, I'de stop them both for nought:
For I was never taken for a Knave,
As I you please let me your custome have.

On poor Marriage.

POor Marriage like a Fathers theft, entails
Misery and shame upon posterity,
Their Mothers beauty nothing them avails,
When they are brought unto necessity.

Epigram on a man in ſa'neſs.

SHine hallow Caves an'd thou ce'leſtial round,
Drop down harmonious accents from thy (pheres;
Let heav'n and earth with merry noiſe re'ſound,
The flagg hangs out, to day they'l bate the Bears:
For how to ſpend my time I could not tell,
'Cauſe all the *Lambeth* Whores be in *Bride-well.*

A Humour.

MIſſa will needs be married to a fool,
Her reaſon?
O Sir, becauſe he hath an excellent t—
Peace, treaſon:
But reaſons more the Maid doth ſhow,
Of perfect approbation;
Witneſs my ears, that heard her ſwear
It was the Ladies faſhion:
Another reaſon wherefore ſhe doth take him
I will unfold,
Becauſe (forſooth) ſhe doth intend to make him
A C——

On

On a Rich Lady and her Tenants.

A Lady long time had a ſuit in Law,
Which at the laſt did to concluſion draw,
And ſhe the better got: (as 'twas her right)
And therefore ſhe her tenants all invite
Unto a feaſt: a noble jovial crew
In leather Breeches and in Jackets blew;
To whom, this Lady doth the cauſe make known,
Why ſhe had them invited every one:
Quoth ſhe, my loving Neighbours now you ſee,
My foe can make no brags concerning me:
Though it be long firſt, yet you ſee at laſt,
The Law is on my ſide, and he is caſt:
To her a plain blunt Clown this anſwer made,
Madam (quoth he) I ever more have ſaid,
That at the laſt it would moſt plain appear,
How he had got *A wrong Sow by the ear.*

On a Gentleman and a Painter.

AS in the Country a friend of mine did ride,
A Church that was repairing he eſpi'd:
And lighting off his horſe, reſolv'd to ſee,
What was therein of curioſity:

No

No ſooner in; but on a ladder tall,
He ſpi'd a painter writing on the wall,
Some Scripture ſentences: but ſuch rare ſenſe,
As nere came from the Preterperfect tenſe:
Old man (quoth he) why do not you true indite,
And on the Church's walls true Engliſh write?
Alaſs the Painter ſaid, the cauſe I'le ſhow;
They 'r ſimple Country people here (you know)
And to ſo great a charge they will not go.

On a Gentlewoman and a Pedler.

VNto a gentle Gentlewomans Chamber
A Pedler came, (her husband being thence)
To ſell fine Holland, Lawns, and Musk and Amber:
She free of favours, ſparing of expence;
So bargan'd with him ere he parted thence,
That for ten Ells of Holland, five of Lawn,
To grant diſhoneſt pleaſures ſhe was drawn.

Next day the man repenting of his coſt,
Did ſtudy means to get him reſtitution;
Or to be paid for that he there had loſt,
And thus he puts his thoughts in execution:
He goes to her with ſettled reſolution,
And in her husbands preſence unawares,
He asketh fifty ſhillings for his wares:

Her

Her husband ignorant what cauſe had bred it,
Why wife ſaid he, have you ſo ſpent your ſtore,
You muſt with petty chapmen run on credit?
Now for my honours ſake do ſo no more;
Husband (ſaid ſhe) I meant it to reſtore:
I took it of him onely upon trial,
And find it too high priſed by a *Royal.*

Thus ne're changing countenance ſhe doth riſe,
With outward ſilence, inward anger choaking;
And going to her Chamber, ſhe eſpies
Tobacco in a Pipe, yet newly ſmoaking;
She takes the Pipe, her malice her provoking,
And wraps it in his Linnen, brings it back;
And ſo the Pedler puts it in his Pack:

The Pedler doth rejoyce, that with this wile
He hath regain'd his cloath, yet gain'd his ple
But having walked ſcarcely half a mile,
His Pack doth ſmoak and ſmell ſo out of
That opening of it to his great diſplea
He found by that Tobacco pipe too la
The fiery force of feble female hate.

And ſeeking then ſome remedy b
Unto a Neighbour Juſtice he co
But when the Juſtice underſtoo

In her examination taking pains,
He found 'twas but a fetch of Womens brains;
The cauſe diſmiſt, he bids the man beware,
To deal with women that can burn his ware.

A Good Sauce.

I Went to Supper to a Friend one night,
And to ſay true, and ſpeak what's juſt and right,
Though ſcarcely I a bit of meat could get,
Yet there with ſtore of paſſing Sauce I met,
What ſtore of Sauce you'l ſay and Meat ſo ſmall,
O Sir, 'twas Hunger, the beſt Sauce of all.

Knight of the Poſt.

ne of the trade that for half crowns oft ſwears
'as perjur'd found, & judg'd to loſe his ears;
the Pillory this Knave did march,
'man bufie, for his ears did ſearch;
ain, for there was not an ear,
laces hid with locks of haire:
', ſaid he, I will of thee complain
ch for couſenage again.
ie, their Order me doth bind,
ars, not you mine ears to find.

Devout

Devout Parents and Son.

A Husband and his Wife were oft at ſtrife,
And either weary of the others life;
Yea, moſt devoutly either of them prayes
To God, that he would ſhorten th' others dayes;
But more devovt than both their Son and Heir,
Prayes God that he would grant them both their prayer.

Of ſwearing firſt, betwixt the Man and his Wife.

CIs, by that candle, in my ſleep, I thought,
One told me of thy body thou wert nought:
Good Husband, he that told you li'd ſhe ſaid,
And ſwearing laid her hand upon the bread;
Then eat the bread (quoth he) that I May deem,
The fancie falſe, that true to me did ſeem;
Nay, Sir, ſaid ſhe, the matter right to handle,
You ſwore the firſt, pray firſt eat you the candle.

The Bauds Humours.

Bagnal is a Curtizen
That lives by peoples ſin,
With half a dozen punks ſhe keeps,
She hath her comings in;
Such ſtore of Royſters hant her houſe,
To ſeek a handſome wench,
Some twenty Gallants in a week,
Are there taught to ſpeak French:
The Courtier and the Citizen,
Nay, many a Ruſtick Clown,
Will ſpend an Angell on the Pox,
Even ready money down:
She ſtrives to live moſt *Lady* like,
And ſcorns thoſe fooliſh Queans,
That do not rattle in their ſilks,
And yet have able means:
She hath her Scarffs, her Hoods, & Watch
Her Fann, her cobweb Lawn;
Her Champions that will fight ſhe hath,
And running Pimps that faun:
To give her Gloves unto a Gull,
Is mighty favour found;
When for the wearing of the ſame,
It coſts him many a pound.

Her

Her Garter as a favour great
Another takes away,
Though for the same a silken Gown
The simple Sot doth pay:
Then comes an Ass, and he forsooth,
Is in such longing heat,
Her Busk-point even on his knees,
With tears he doth entreat;
She grants it, to rejoyce the Fool,
Then she requests one thing,
Which he poor Owle doth not deny,
To wit, his Diamond Ring:
Thus fits she fools in humours still,
That comes to her for game;
They 'r punish'd for their Leachery:
Leaving their Purses lame:
In *Newgate* some a Lodging take,
Till they to *Tiburn* ride,
And others walk to *Wood-street*, with
A Serjeant by their side,
And in the smoakey Counter-hole
They there do make their ending;
While some are sent to Surgions shops,
Because they do lack mending;
Others in Raggs pass up and down,
All Tatter'd, Rent and Torne;
They being in that scurvey case,
Their companies shee'l scorne:

As ſoon as e're her Marchants break,
And nothing to be got,
No entertainment there they have;
She ſwears ſhe knows them not:
To forward men ſhe forward is,
And kind unto the free;
But ſuch (quoth ſhe) as go on truſt
Shall never deal with me:
The World grows hard, all things are dear,
Good-fellowſhip decayes;
And every one ſeeks profit now,
In theſe ſame hungry dayes:
Although her trade in ſecret be,
Unlawfull to be known;
Yet will ſhe make the beſt ſhe can
Of that which is her own:
For ſeeing ſhe doch venture fair,
At price of whipping chear;
She hath no reaſon but to make
Her Cuſtomers pay dear.
Beſides their charge is very great
To keep them fine and brave;
A Wench that goes not gallantly
Shall little doings have:
Therefore all things conſider'd well,
Their charges and their danger;
A daily cuſtomer ſhall pay
As much as ſhall a Stranger.

How Sack makes one lean.

A Friend the other day being at my Table;
Did ſay for certain Sack would make him lean
But what he ſpake I took it for a fable,
Untill I underſtood what he did mean:
And thus it was, (which is not ſeldom ſeen)
'Twould make him fat, & then he needs muſt lean.

On a vertuous Lady and her Knight.

A Vertuous Lady ſitting in a muſe,
(As often times your female Creatures uſe)
Leaning her Elboes on her knees full hard,
Full diſtant from each othr half a yard:
Her Knight to taunt her by ſome private token,
Said, Madam awake, your Cabbinet ſtands open,
She roſe, ſhe bluſh'd, ſhe ſmil'd, ſhe ſoft did ſay,
Sir, lock, it if you pleaſe, you keep the key.

On Hogg *and* Bacon.

IOhn Hogg of late for Felony was taken,
And tri'd before a Judge whose name was *Bacon;*
My Lord (quoth he) I pray my life to spare,
Because saith he, we two of kindred are;
For Hogg and Bacon are all one quoth he,
Therefore I and your Lordship Cozens be;
Nay, stay repli'd the Judge you are mistaken,
Hogg must be hang'd awhile ere it be *Bacon.*

On a lame Beggar.

I Am unable yonder Beggar cries,
To sit, or stand; if he say True he lies.

On Mans flesh.

IF Mans flesh be like Hoggs, as it is taken,
Then by Tobacco smoak 'tis turn'd to Bacon.

Drinking commended from ſundry examples

The thirſty *Earth* ſokes up the *Rain*,
And Drinks, and gapes for Drink again:
The *Plants* ſuck in the *Earth* and are
With conſtant Drinking freſh and fare:
The *Sea* it ſelf, which one would think
Should have but little need of Drink,
Drinks ten thouſand *Rivers* up,
Accounting them but as a Sup:
The buſie *Sun* (and one would gueſs
By 's Drunken fiery face no leſs)
Drinks up the *Sea*, and when he has done
The *Moon* and *Stars* Drink up the *Sun*:
Nothing in *Nature's Sober* found,
But everlaſting *Healths* go round;
Fill up the *Bowl* then, fill it high,
Fill all the *Glaſſes* there, for why
Should every Creature Drink but *I*;
Why, Man of *Mortals*, tell me why?

A Fancy.

IN Summer heat, in mid time of the day,
To reſt my limbs upon a bed I lay;
One Window ſhut, the other open ſtood,
Which gave ſuch light as twinkles in a wood,
Like twilight glimps at ſetting of the Sun,
Or night being paſt, and yet not day begun;
Such light to ſhame-fac'd maidens muſt be ſhown,
Where they may ſport, and ſeem to be unknown.
Then came *Corinna* in a long looſe gown,
Her white neck hid with treſſes hanging down,
Reſembling fair *Emiamis* going to bed,
Or *Lais* of a thouſand woers ſped.
I ſnatcht her Gown, being thin the harm was ſmall,
Yet ſtrove ſhe to be covered therewithall:
And ſtriving thus as one that would be caſt,
Betray'd her ſelf, and yielded at the laſt.
Stark naked as ſhe ſtood before my eye,
Not one wen in her body could I ſpie;
What Arms and ſhoulders did I touch and ſee!
How apt her breaſts were to be preſt by me.
How ſmooth a belly under her waſt ſaw I!
How large a legg and what a lufty thigh:
To leave the reſt, all lik'd me paſſing well;
I cling'd her naked body, down ſhe fell:

Judge

Judge you the reſt, being tri'd ſhe bad me kiſs,
Jove ſend me more ſuch afternoons as this.

The Myſteries and Wonders of Ale Anotamized.

THe Myſteries of Ale I'e here unfold,
And ſet to view its Wonders manifold,
Well worthy praiſe; for why, it elevates
The ſaddeſt Spirits, and it operates
On humane bodies things miraculous;
Making dumb men become obſtreperous:
Againſt all accidents it is a Charm;
A proved Axiome, *Drunkards get no harm.*
If from its exaltation riſe a quarrel,
Seek for a remedy within the Barrel;
Your labour is not loſt: The head that akes
It ſweetly lulls aſleep: And he that ſhakes
But now with cold, let him drink off his Bowle,
His Ague 's cur'd: And he whoſe ſtupid Soul
Erewhile lay lurking in a boſom dull,
Rais'd by this liquor, finds himſelf too full
Of *Eloquence* for one tongue to diſcharge;
Therefore to vent it, lets it run at large.

How

How many men can run the *Bible* thorough
When drench'd in *Ale*'s profundities: next mor-
Can not remember, how he did expound (row
The night before, the places moſt profound
In all the *Prophets*; both the *Small*, and *Great*:
No not a word of it can they repeat.

Beſides, oft times they ſtrangely tell of things
To come; and I do queſtion whether Kings
Or they be happier; while thus inſpir'd,
No other *Summum bonum* is deſir'd.

I'me ſure each man who takes the cup in hand,
Doth think himſelf ſufficient to command
An *Army*; 'tis not known what wit doth lurk
In each mans pate, when *Ale* begins to work;
More might be ſaid, but here 's enough I think:
When you' ve conſider'd it well, then go & drink.

Of going to the Bath.

A Common phraſe long uſed here hath been,
And by preſcription now ſome credit hath;
That divers Ladies coming to the *Bath*,
Come chiefly but to ſee, and to be ſeen:
But if I ſhoud declare my Conſcience briefly,
I cannot think that is their arrant chiefly;
For as I hear how moſt of them have dealt,
They chiefly came to feel and to be felt.

To a Friend upon occaſion of one being too familiar with his Wife.

VVHat youth in black is he that ſitteth there,
So near thy Wife, & whiſpers in her ear,
And takes her hand in his, & ſoft doth wring her,
Sliding his Ring ſtill up and down her Finger?
(Quoth he) he is a man ſeen in both Lawes,
Retain'd by her, in ſome important Cauſe;
Prompt and diſcreet both in his ſpeech and action,
And doth her buſineſs with great ſatisfaction:
Think'ſt ſo (ſaid I) a horn plague on thy head;
Art thou ſo like a Fool and Wittol led,
To think he doth the buſineſs of thy Wife;
He doth thy buſineſs, I dare lay my life.

Women

Women ſtronger than the Devil.

WHy ſhould we Women the weaker veſſels call?
The vulgar reaſon, we put them to the wall:
For they exceed the Devil in ſtrength, for when
He doth appear to us poor, feeble men,
Showing his face, he onely makes weak (Fiend)
Our haire; they make our fleſh, to ſtand an end.

Of a Certain man.

THere was of late an *Anabaptiſt Preacher*,
Was never Learn'd, and yet became a *Teacher*:
Who having thus in Latine read a Text
Of *Erat quidam homo*, was perplext;
He ſeem'd the ſame with ſtudy great to ſcan:
In Engliſh thus, *There was a certain man.*
But now (quoth he) good people, note you this;
He ſaith, *There was*, he doth not ſay *There is*;
For in theſe dayes of ours it's moſt certain,
Of promiſe, deed, or word, no man is certain;
Yet by my Text you ſee it comes to paſs,
That ſurely once a *certain man there was*:
But yet I think in all your *Bible* no man
Can find this Text, *There was a certain woman.*

The

The Epilogue.

THe Work is done, and now my loving Friend,
Sit down and rest; for here I mean to end:
But first I'le begg a question, good or bad
Pray was the Book you read? Such as I had
I freely do dispence to you; and know it,
You can do nothing less than praise the Poet:
Whose verses, even the worst that you can name
Through all the Book, in no wise merit blame:
Yet if a trivial fault in some you see,
By Press, or otherwise committed be;
If Poetry you love, pray be so kind
As pass it without seeing; Love is blind.
Reader farewell! each of us draws his lot,
You have the pleasure, *I the* trouble *got.*

You have the Pleasure I the trouble got
S. L.
you hand if Pleasure I the trouble
gott

FINIS.

But those that love
and fear the Lord he mak

he maketh mark of them

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Lord thou hast been fa

This book is naught in it take not

And when thou seest it cast out of sig